

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 319.

MY QUEST.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Around about the world I went,
Seeking, with childish discontent,
A maiden fair,
I sought for sweet blue eyes, and lips
I would whisper hint of floral slips,
And chestnut hair.

I said: "These only will I take;
Exist none others for my sake—
None else I'll know."
But never in my wanderings over
Both land and sea did I discover
Why it was so.

That I could find no face like this—
That I one form divine should miss
Mid all the world!
Yet while I thought it sadly o'er,
My heart was filled forevermore
With one dear girl.

The like of whom no'er caused my quest:
A home-bred maiden, darkly tressed,
With ebon eyes,
And through her matchless love I see
No other love save that which lies
Between who rule the skies!

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD,"

CHAPTER IV.

MOUNT WASHINGTON ROAD—AFTER DARK.

The miserable rain still descended, and a dismal night settled down on every thing. The open carriage, with its occupants, proceeded slowly—so slowly, indeed, that the restive bays shivered with cold, as they labored on up the rear face of the lofty hill—Mount Washington. It was certainly seven o'clock: the darkness was intense, and the driver cautiously paused now and then, and peered ahead to be certain that he was going in the right direction.

Grace Harley, silent and frightened, shrank away to the far corner of her seat. The young man carefully, tenderly drew the wrappings closer around her, as if to reassure her.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Grace, that I have brought you into this scrape." "Say nothing of it, Mr. Somerville. Our object now, is to get back as soon as possible. I am chilled through, and papa, I know, is very uneasy about me."

Fairleigh Somerville did not answer at once, but still continued busying himself with the dash apron, and in tucking in the wrappings around his fair charge.

"I was a stupid mistake of mine, Miss Grace," he said, at length. "I took the wrong fork in the road, though I've been this way often enough to have known better. As soon as we clear the precipitous ascent, I can promise you that my bays will go fast enough."

Several moments passed in silence, the bays still leisurely bending to their work, and drawing the light vehicle on toward the top of the giddy hill. The rising breeze, wet and cold, blowing more steadily, told them they were nearing the summit of the black mountain.

Fairleigh Somerville turned uneasily in his seat, disarranging as he did so, the wrappings spread over their laps, which he immediately busied himself to rearrange. He peered around him, to the right and to the left, in front and behind, and he spoke often to his horses.

All at once the young man turned to his fair charge, and said, in a low, insinuating voice:

"Pardon me, Miss Grace, pardon me; I would like to say just one word or so to you now. Can I speak, Miss Grace?" and he thrust his face insinuatingly, impudently, close to hers.

The maiden drew her veil, now wet and limp with the searching mist, closer around her face, and shrank still further away. She trembled in every limb for a moment, but by an effort recovered herself.

"I can not say nay, Mr. Somerville; but can you talk and drive with sufficient care, too?"

She evidently wished to avoid hearing what he had to say—to throw him off his guard. But Somerville, now that he had broken the ice, would not turn back. He still leaned toward her, and peered straight at her.

"Yes, Miss Grace, I can do both; the horses are safe; they know the road as well by night as by day, and pardon me, Miss Grace, it does not take long to say—that, as of old, despite your frowns and your every mark of discouragement, I love you still!"

The girl started, as a wild shudder crept over her frame, and cowering in her seat, she said not a word.

"I have never ceased to love you, Grace, since the moment I saw you on your return to your native city; and," continued the young man, with increasing fervor, "my love grows stronger as the days, weeks and months roll by. This, though a strange opportunity, yet, is a fitting one for me to tell you this. I have waited patiently for some bright sign to come from you, Grace—waited these two long years of sorrow to me—patiently. I have endeavored to show you by my devotion, and by every other means in my power, that you



"Go, Tom!" said the old man, in a low voice, pointing to the bucket.

still were very dear to me. Your father's consent I have already obtained.

Grace Harley writhed in her seat, and do what she could, a half-groan burst from her.

Fairleigh Somerville heeded neither; he was now trembling with pent up emotion, of whatever nature it was. "His consent has long since been given me, and now, Grace, yours only is wanting. I am rich and young; I again tender you my wealth, a strong right arm as a defense, a loving breast for a pillow to you. Tell me, Grace, if you cannot love me in return, or give me some slight token whereby I may be encouraged to hope for your final consent."

Still Grace Harley answered not, and as the young man paused, she turned as if to leap from the vehicle. But she controlled this impulse, and in a calm tone, spoke:

"You are right, Mr. Somerville, in saying that this place, after all, is fit for what you have spoken. Please consider it an equally suitable spot for saying what I shall, in reply. As before, I appreciate the offering you have laid at my feet, but, as before, I cannot accept it. Though time has rolled by, it has brought no change in my views on the subject of which you have just spoken. I do not love you, Mr. Somerville, and must beg, now, that this be my final answer."

And you love another, I suppose, Miss?" asked the man, suddenly and rudely.

The girl answered promptly:

"I did not say it, Mr. Somerville, and I cannot answer such questions. Let us drive on home."

"You still love the memory of that contemptible wayside beggar; but he cares not for you; he has gone—forever!"

"Sir!" exclaimed the girl. "I am under your escort, Mr. Somerville, and I trust to you to conduct me home to my father."

"Pardon me, Miss Harley, if I seemed rude," said the young man, after a slight pause; "my emotions got the better of me; and—ah! here we are at last at the top."

Sure enough, showing dimly under the carriage, and a few yards in front of them, lay two roads, indicating that they had reached the summit of the mountain. One of the roads ran along for a short distance, on the top of the dizzy ridge, and then, gradually, it drew behind the summit of the great hill. The other skirted along the very edge of the precipitous high itself, overlooking the Monongahela, at least fifteen hundred feet below. This was known as the Mount Washington road, and, at all times, even in the day, is considered a giddy and a break-neck drive—the road, in many places, crumbling into the very chasm, and hardly wide enough for a carriage to pass without risk of rolling over the ledge.

For a moment, young Somerville hesitated, and then coolly turned his horses' heads and drew them into the last-mentioned road, overhanging the dark river far beneath. At the same time, he struck the spirited steeds viciously with his whip. In an instant they darted forward, and the light carriage spun along the lofty edge, its wheels dislodging the earth, on the dizzy brink of the beetling cliff.

"Good heavens, Mr. Somerville!" exclaimed the girl, in terror; "you are surely not going to try the dangers of this road on such a night! Oh! do—do stop—do stop—and let me get out!" and she clung to his arm.

"Do not embarrass my movements, Miss Harley," returned the man, in a harsh, cold tone, "or you'll have both of our necks broken in a very few moments."

And the steeds still dashed on—the light vehicle rolling and jerking under the impetus, in fearful proximity to the ledge.

"Oh! I beseech you, Mr. Somerville, turn back—turn back!"

"Turn back? Why, Miss Harley, have your senses forsaken you? It would be sure death to attempt to turn back now, and I can scarcely hold the horses. Be steady! be steady! All depends on the sure-footedness of the horses, now."

His tone was very serious, and Grace felt him tremble. On they dashed, and now the narrowest part of the road was reached—the loftiest and dizziest, too. Fairleigh Somerville glanced quickly around him, in every direction, and then exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Hullo, there!"

Before the echo of his words had died away, suddenly two brawny men started, as it were, from the very shade of the roadside, and sprang toward the vehicle. One seized the reins, and pulled down the champing horses; the other dashed for the carriage. Somerville sprang to his feet and raised his whip, but at that moment, was hurled over heavily to the road. The horses took fright, and bursting from the man who stood by their head, darted off at a fearful pace along the giddy path.

Grace Harley had sunk back fainting, in the buggy. Suddenly a tall, sinewy figure stood in the way of the flying horses, and an arm of iron and a grip of steel were fastened on the bridle by the head, as the horses' feet were raised almost over the fearful chasm.

The struggle was desperate between that stalwart man and the maddened steeds, and the earth crumbled beneath his feet, and rolled down the mountain side, under his efforts. But he gradually pressed the smoking animals back—back; and then he dashed to the side of the carriage.

"Thank God, Miss Grace, that you are saved!" he exclaimed, in a deep, laboring breath.

Before he could assist her to alight, he was struck a fierce blow on the temple, and sunk tumbling to his knees.

"That for you, Tom Worth! you intruding scoundrel!"

When the brave man had recovered his senses, the carriage and all had disappeared—not a trace was left behind.

The man slowly rose to his feet and glanced about him, and then, without any word, took his way as swiftly as he could, down the Mount Washington road.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAY AFTER.

LATE that night, the one of startling adventure on the dizzy height of the Mount Washington road—later by far it seemed than there was any necessity to be, judging from the distance to be traversed—an open buggy, drawn by two dashing steeds, after clearing the long stretch of the Suspension bridge, whirled rapidly up Federal street, in Allegheny city, clattered around into Stockton avenue, and drew up in front of the elegant mansion of Mr. Richard Harley, the retired iron-merchant.

Despite the lateness of the hour, however, lights were still gleaming in the hall-way, through the transom over the door, and were shining here and there through the large house.

The driver of the buggy paused a moment and glanced around him. He was alone in

the road to me, inadvertently, at all events, I took the wrong road, and—

"Is this true, Mr. Somerville—true before God and man?" and the old man looked straight in the other's eyes.

Somerville hesitated, and this time he did

half quail, and his eyes wandered nervously away from the fixed gaze of the other. Then a red flush passed over his face, and he replied very sternly, and angrily:

"You are an old man, Mr. Harley, and have much to excuse you; but, sir, I can not listen longer to your innuendoes and insults!"

"Excuse me—forgive me, Mr. Somerville! I am almost crazy! Say on! say on!"

"Well, sir—and no more such unpleasant interruptions, if you please—I at last managed to find my way back to the main road, and at length reached the top of the mountain. I then entered the ledge road."

"The ledge road! and on such a night! Why, sir—"

"Hear me through, or not at all, sir! I entered that road, because I could not prevent it. My horses had already pulled into it, and I dared not think of attempting to turn round then. Indeed, it was impossible to do so, as you know, sir."

The old man impetuously nodded his head.

"Well, sir," resumed Somerville, "we had proceeded safely on our way, for a quarter of a mile, when, reaching that portion of the road which overhangs the deepest chasm on the way, and which is unprotected by fence or wall, suddenly two villains dashed out from the roadside. In an instant I was hurled from my carriage, and to the earth by a murderous blow! I saw one of the men rush for Miss Grace; then the horses took fright, and darted away for the cliff."

"At that moment a man suddenly sprang from the gloom by the roadside and gripped the horses by the reins. I saw him bear them back, inch by inch, and then, just as my senses forsook me, I saw him by the carriage. How long, insensible, I lay there, I can only now tell, for the hour is late. But, when I recovered my senses, I found my horses tied securely to the stock of an old tree, by the wayside; but, of the villains or the man who had borne the horses back from the precipice, and of Miss Grace, I could see nothing!"

We will not attempt to portray the anguish of the stricken father; nor the wretchedness that prevailed that night in the Harley mansion.

The next day the papers were filled with accounts of the terrible outrage. After detailing, in the usual high-flown language, the enormity of the crime, they went on to speak of the man who had so opportunely arrested the flying steeds. He had indeed become a hero, for the daily journals referred to him, and one concluded its article thus: "The name of the gallant fellow, who, by a superhuman effort, forced back the fiery steeds, and saved Miss Harley, daughter of our esteemed citizen, Richard Harley, Esq., of Allegheny City—saved her, alas! it may be for a worse fate—has been found out to be Tom Worth. The man is a common laborer, in the Black Diamond coal mine; and though his name and calling be humble, yet it should not be forgotten by a generous public and those who recognize and love true heroism!"

CHAPTER VI.

OLD BEN, THE MINER.

OLD BEN Walford, the veteran miner, walked slowly up and down the limits of his little cabin, nestled on the verge of the Coal Hill.

It was late at night, and a single lamp alone illumined the darkness of the small apartment. The old man paused occasionally in his promenade, to listen to the wind, which sighed and sung so mournfully around the corners, and under the eaves of his little cabin. But, shaking his head, he again resumed his walk; he had heard no welcoming step outside, crunched along toward his lonely little tenement, and was getting impatient and anxious.

Old Ben, the miner, as he was generally known, was a "character" around Pittsburgh—or, rather, in his little circumscribed world there. Almost everybody knew him, and all who did know him respected him for his worth, independence and real nobleness of character. In the working of a mine, in any particular, whether in sinking a shaft, or making a level, or indicating the rise and dip of a coal "drift," the old man's judgment was sought and heeded; for his opinions were based on a quarter-century's experience in the far away celebrated Cornish mines, and his decisions were, in every instance, sound and trustworthy. Yet, in giving his "opinions," he was unpretentious and simple as one of the little "rolley-boys" of the mine.

Although so many knew Ben, and knew him so well, yet, strange as it may appear, they indeed knew very little of him. He did not have many acquaintances—that is of his own choosing and making, and he cared only for a very few friends. Among these friends was one who has been mentioned in this veracious story—Tom Worth, the young miner, who, it seemed, worked day by day along with Ben in the Black Diamond mines, lying next to the Great Allegheny shafts.

These two men, one over a half century in years, the other little past one-third so old, were very intimate, though they differed so much in personal appearance and attributes, and in almost every other particular save in lofty and powerful physique. How true they were to one another—how devoted and disinterested their friendship, will be seen in the course of this romance.

The two men were strangers to each other—the younger having just entered the mine as a laborer—where, on a certain day, as one of them was lighting a fuse, for blasting away some obstruction in the shaft, about midway down, the light by some means was applied too soon. The explosion was imminent, and the bucket, which hung near, was too small to convey both men at once away.

The two strong men shuddered, as they saw certain death staring them in the face, for it was certain death to abide the springing of the powder-charge; and they stood in mute despair, gazing at the fuse, burning nearer, nearer to the fatal fulminate.

"Go, Tom!" said the old man, in a low voice, pointing to the bucket. "Go! I am old, and my days are almost over, anyway! You are young and can be happy! Go!"

Thus spoke the old miner.

"No, Ben, no! Into the bucket with you! You are old and shall die in peace! I am already old in the world's misery, with not a living soul to miss me when I am gone. Go, go, Ben! and think of me once, when I am dead!"

So spoke the younger man.

"Never!" returned old Ben, and the fuse now flashing and scintillating, and the terrible powder only three inches away from the greedy creeping fire.

"Nay, but by heavens! you shall, old man!" and with a bound the young man sprang forward, clutched the old man by the waist, and, with a giant's strength, landed him safe into the bucket, giving the signal at the same time to those above to hoist away!

As the bucket shot rapidly upward toward daylight and safety, the young man, deep down in the black shaft, bowed his head and waited.

Then came the deafening shock, and the earth itself seemed to quake.

Ten minutes of awful silence, and then the bucket was slowly lowered again; in it, like an iron man, sat old Ben Walford—his eyes staring down far below him, in the smoke and gloom, his brawny neck pulsating under the heavy strokes of the arteries beating in it.

Down, down! The old man could not go fast enough; and now the place has been reached; and, yes, God be thanked! what joy rioted in the old man's bosom then!

There, under an artificial arch of stone, made by the powerful blast itself, crouched the powder-scathed and grimy man, Tom Worth—the noble, untouched, unharmed, safe!

And there, in the darkness of that black shaft—there in the terrible solitude, in that deep pit in the earth—the old Cornish miner drew the young man to his bosom, and in a scarcely audible, husky voice, murmured:

"THANK GOD!"

Such was the tale the miners would tell you—with an almost reverential manner—of the great friendship between Ben, the old Cornish miner, and Tom Worth.

Still old Ben paced up and down the narrow confines of his snug little cabin—occasionally waiting by the door, and listening, as if for some welcome sound to reach his ears.

Ben Walford, the miner, was verging on sixty-two years of age, and yet we would not think so old, judging from the vigorous growth of iron-gray hair that clustered on his broad, furrowed forehead, and fell in unrestrained masses upon his neck. Much less would we judge him so, from the magnificent muscle and brawn of that erect, towering, athletic figure. Yet old Ben said so himself, and there was no denying it.

And this evening the soot and grime of the mine were washed away, showing a remarkably fine face—almost indicative of firmness, honesty, candor, courage and gentleness. A fine-looking, good-looking, hearty old man was Ben Walford, the miner.

He suddenly paused again, and stepping to the door, opened it and peered out into the darkness for several minutes. Then he closed the door again, shutting the cold, disagreeable air out from his warm cabin.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "Strange that boy don't come! I haven't seen his dear face since yesterday morning in the west gallery. Has he come to harm in the pit?—has he—no, no, for he left the mine at four o'clock in the afternoon—so the overseer told me. And then last night, all night long, I waited for him, and kept his supper hot for him, and he didn't come! Nor to day! What can be the matter? And there, on the fire now, is his supper, waiting for him to come and eat it!"

"There's something strange about Tom Worth," and the old man sunk his voice, even lower than usual. "Something that is very queer, and he has never told it to me! Is he afraid to trust his secret with old Ben? No, no! He's an honest boy—a good boy, and if he wishes to say nothing to me, why, of course it's all right, and—Ha! here he is, at last!" and the old man bounded to the door, and let down the latch, as a heavy step echoed harsh and loud along the narrow, flinty mountain path, alongside of which the cabin was perched.

In a moment there came a loud rap at the door. The old man paused and started back.

"Very strange!" he muttered. "Come in, Tom, my boy," he continued, opening the door. "What do you mean by rapping at—Ah! Is it you, Mr. Somerville! Come in, sir, and tell me how I can serve you." and the old man's face wrinkled into a dark frown, as the hawk-like, saturnine features of Fairleigh Somerville slowly emerged from the gloom, and showed in the dim light of the miner's solitary lamp.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

A HEAVY, vindictive frown sat likewise on the face of the young millionaire, and a dare-devil, independent look glanced from his eyes, as he unhesitatingly entered the room, and glared quickly around him.

He unbent his overcoat, shook from it the heavy, cold mist, and removing his cap from his close-cut hair, struck it several times over his knee to get the moisture from it.

The old miner glanced at him, suspiciously but fearlessly, and a still darker and more ominous frown came over his scarred face as he noted the cool, overbearing deportment of this strange visitor.

"Well, sir," he said, boldly but respectfully, "if it suits you to speak now, please say on, and tell me what brings you here. I am at your service, sir, but you need not be told, Mr. Somerville, that a miner's time is precious, and sleep very grateful after twelve hours spent two hundred feet below the ground in a bad, unwholesome air."

As he spoke, the old miner seated himself, rather impatiently, opposite his visitor.

"In my own good time, Ben Walford—in my own good time! I am not used to being hurried," replied Somerville, with the utmost sang froid, coolly stretching his limbs—which, by the by, seemed to have recovered entirely from his hurts of the night before.

Old Ben's heavy right hand contracted fear-

fully as he half arose from his chair; but he controlled himself, and quietly sat down again.

It was not the sight of a heavy revolver protruding from young Somerville's overcoat pocket, that deterred the old man; he simply obeyed the better teachings of his nature.

"Very good, Mr. Somerville," he said, quietly; "take your own time; if I wished to hurry you, you know the reason. But please remember," and the old man's voice grew stern, "that Fairleigh Somerville and Ben the miner are not over-warm friends! I can not forget, sir, how you endeavored to injure me by trying to have me discharged from the 'Black Diamond'—simply, too, because you could not bribe me into the 'Great Alleghany'!"

"Enough, enough, old man! That is past and gone, and let it be kept out of sight! I come on other business."

"Then out with it, sir, and remember this is my cabin, my home, and that, living in a free country, I am a freeman—one at all times ready to defend life and character!"

The old man looked at the other unflinchingly and menacingly, as he spoke.

"Tut! tut! old man; you are on a 'high horse' without a cause," said Somerville; "I come on business, I tell you—to make some inquiries of you, not to quarrel with you." He straightened up in his seat, and faced the other more respectfully.

"As I said before, very good, sir," answered Ben; "time is precious with me, for it is worth more to me than money—it is health."

"Ha! I did not know that you were a philosopher; as well as a miner, Ben Walford; but," he changed his tone, as he saw the ruddy flush of anger spreading over the insulted old man's face, "I am here, on this miserable, nasty night, on business—that business with your room-mate," and he looked straight at the other.

"My room mate?"

"Yes, does not Tom Worth live here with you?"

"He does. I am expecting him now every minute, and thought a bit ago that your footstep was his. What do you want with Tom Worth, Mr. Somerville? He's an honest man, and he'll not be bribed in the 'Great Alleghany,' if that's what you come for, I can tell you!"

"Blast the 'Great Alleghany' and Tom Worth, too!" exclaimed Somerville, angrily.

"I'd advise you," said Ben, in a low but distinct voice, "not to let Tom Worth hear you say such of him; and I tell you again, sir, this is my cabin."

Fairleigh Somerville saw that he was going too far. So with a light laugh he said apologetically:

"A slip-of-the-tongue, that meant nothing, Ben. But time flies. Have you heard that Tom Worth saved Miss Grace Harley from death last night?"

"Yes, sir; I read it in the papers. Tom is the man to do that thing. He has nerve and muscle; but the papers said the horses were yours, Mr. Somerville! Where were you, and what were you doing on the mountain at that time of night and in such weather?"

"By Heaven, you're bold and impudent, old man! What business is that to you? And Tom Worth, if he tells the truth—"

"He never lies!" fairly hissed the old man.

"Well, then, he'll tell you that I was knocked down, senseless, by one of the ruffians. But to business: I believe Tom Worth to be the third villain, and that he has abducted Miss Harley!"

Old Ben Walford sprang to his feet, his eyes fairly flashing fire.

"Heed well your words, Fairleigh Somerville! In matters of this sort, Tom Worth is Ben Walford, and what you say of him I will take to myself! Tom Worth is an honest man, if one walks on God's green earth. And—I am bold to say it—perhaps you know something of this affair, more than Tom, save that he acted the part of a man!"

In an instant Somerville sprang to his feet, and his hand fell on the butt of his pistol, his face half-livid, half-pale, yet working and writhing with passion. But he was not too quick for old Ben Walford. The latter had kept his eye, as he spoke, upon his visitor, and, as he saw the other grasp his pistol, he suddenly drew from his bosom a pistol, likewise, and covered the young man's breast with his black muzzle.

"Let go your pistol, Fairleigh Somerville," he said, in a low, determined voice, keenly watching the other the while, "or my finger will pull the trigger!"

Somerville slowly removed his hand, and his face, as he did so, was as white as a grave-stone. He rose to his feet.

"I came to see this young man," he said, in a tremulous voice, though his eyes glared like those of a buffalo-tiger, "and learn from him, which it were not difficult to do—for innocence needs no defense—if the part he played in this affair was, simply, the heroic! If it was, I intended to reward him myself, that was all."

"And I tell you, sir," replied the old man, slowly putting his pistol away, "take your lesson to yourself, and learn this, that Tom Worth accepts no money but that for which he works and gains honestly. That is more than many can say!"

"You speak bravely, old man," said Somerville, a little tartly, now that the pistol was removed; "and I'll say to you that this matter shall not drop here; I will see if this fellow was implicated in that affair. I'll spend every dollar I have, if needed, in the effort, and if he is guilty he shall be punished! Do you understand that?"

"Yes, and I laugh at you! Tom Worth's character, thank God! is not in your hands. And now, sir, you had better leave this cabin, else—I am in earnest, sir—you'll come to grief!" The old man now spoke very sternly.

Without a word, Somerville turned away. As he did so, he glanced at a photograph, hanging in a common gilded frame, on the rude wall.

This photograph represented an elegant-looking young fellow, clad in rich attire, with a high, broad brow, clustering auburn ringlets, a heavy yellow mustache, and large blue eyes.

Somerville started violently and paused at the sight of that photograph.

"Who is that?" he asked in a low voice, still gazing at the picture.

"That! Why, it's Tom Worth," said old Ben, "taken five years ago, when he had money, though he was none the more honest then than now, when he is rough and dirty."

Without another word, Somerville left the house and strode away at a rapid pace.

"Hells and furies!" he muttered. "I've seen his face before! Now, he must shoulder the blame! I will crush him, else—"

The rest of this sentence was lost, as he hurried away down the hill. On his way he passed a tall, athletic man, striding rapidly

up; but Somerville paid no heed to him. In five minutes afterward this same tall man entered the cabin on the mountain.

"Thank God, Tom, that you are here at last!" said old Ben, the miner, as the door closed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 218.)

THE SONG OF 1876.

A Festival Poem written for the German Centennial Singers' Union of New York.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Waken, voice of the Land's Devotion!
Spirit of Freedom, awaken all!
Ring ye shores, to the Song of Ocean,
Rivers, answer, and mountains, call!
The golden day has come;
Let every tongue be dumb,
That sounded its malice or murmured its fears;
She hath won her story;
She wears her glory;
We crown her the Land of a Hundred Years!
Out of darkness and toil and danger
Into the light of Victory's day,
Help to the weak, and home to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held her way.
Now Europe's orphans rest
Upon her mother breast;
The voices of Nations are heard in the cheers
That shall east upon her
New love and honor,
And crown her the Queen of a Hundred Years!
North and South, we are met as brothers;
East and West we are wedded as one!
Right of each shall secure our mother's;
Childhood shall be our nation's;
We give Thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native Land,
For battle has tried thee and time endears:
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a Thousand Years!

Kansas King:

OR,
THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY-EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAIDEN'S WARNING.

WITH bated breath had Pearl stood and watched the deadly encounter between Red-Hand and Bad Burke; but, notwithstanding her apparent fear, the outlaw was in double danger, for had there been the slightest sign that victory would fall on him, the maiden had her rifle ready to do its deadly work.

Coolly wiping his blade on the homespun coat of the outlaw, Red-Hand returned it to its sheath, and said quickly, and with a tinge of sadness in his tones:

"We meet again, fair girl, and yet it seems that between us there must always be the shadow of death. I would it were otherwise."

"I was on my way to seek you, sir, for your life and the lives of your friends are in danger," simply replied the maiden.

"My life is ever in danger; I am but a foot-ball of destiny, kicked about from place to place; but you were going to warn me of danger, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"And whither did you expect to find me?"

"At the miners' stronghold, far down the glen."

"It is miles away, fair girl, and your little feet would have tired with their long walk."

"I am accustomed to long walks over the hills, sir."

"Are you not afraid of danger meeting you?"

"No, sir; I have little fear."

"And yet, some days ago your life was in mortal peril, and just now you were powerless in the hands of a ruffian."

"True; but the Indians who attacked me the day you saved me were squaw-braves, sent by a young warrior whose love I had refused, and this man is an outlaw."

"You are a brave girl and deserve a different fate from lingering here in these hills, and living the life of a hermitess."

"Oh, I would so love to go away; but, sir, you must not stay here for any moment some warriors may pass, and your life would certainly be the forfeit."

"I was going to warn you of danger because I did not wish to see you and your pale-face friends massacred, and now I have double cause for saving you."

"Oh, sir, fly from these hills, you and your friends, for even now the Sioux are assembling all their braves to attack you, and he that is called Kansas King will side with the Indians in the war against you."

"Fair girl, from my heart I thank you; but I know all that you would tell me, for, not ten minutes ago I was on that ledge and saw and heard all that passed between your father, the White Slayer and Kansas King."

"I am glad you heard it; but you will leave these hills."

"No; we will show Kansas King and his Indian allies that we will not be driven from the Black Hills by fear of them," and Red-Hand spoke with bitter determination.

"Oh, what a terrible slaughter will follow! How I wish I could aid you, sir."

"You can, fair Pearl of the Mountains, for such is the name your father called you, I believe. You can aid me."

"And how? Tell me and I will do all in my power," said Pearl, earnestly.

"To-morrow is the meeting between Kansas King and your father. Yonder ledge is a secret spot where you can hide, and you can reach it from the hill above. I would know the plans to be arranged between your father and the outlaw chief, and to-morrow night, just after sunset, I will meet you here."

"I understand, sir, and I will do as you wish me to; but, tell me, please, are you Red-Hand, the Scout?"

"I am so called, Pearl; but why do you ask?"

"Because I have so often heard the Sioux warriors speak of you, and how terrible you were in battle; then numbers have gone forth upon your trail, boasting they would return with your scalp, and though many warriors have gone, you still wear your scalp-lock, and many of those braves have not returned."

"Perhaps they are looking for me in the Happy Hunting Grounds, Pearl!" said Red-Hand, but his words were significant of a deeper meaning, and the maiden understood it.

"Now I must be off, fair girl; and remember—to-morrow night I will meet you; but, tell me, can I not cross this hill and strike the valley beyond?"

"Yes, sir; but oh! do not go through that valley," implored Pearl, with earnest manner.

"And why, child? Are the red-skins numerous there?"

"Oh, no, sir; an Indian would not enter that valley for a girdle of scalp-locks, and even my father dare not go there."

"Why, is it such a terrible place, Pearl?"

The maiden glanced cautiously around her, slightly shuddered, then, in a whisper, replied: "A spirit haunts the valley, sir."

"A spirit? Nonsense!"

"No, sir, oh, no; it is the spirit of a woman dressed in white; she haunts it day and night, and when the moon is bright she sings wild songs—"

"Oh, God!"

"Oh, sir, you are sick—"

"No, no, Pearl, go on with your story; tell me all you know about the haunted valley," and the Scout passed his hand several times across his forehead, and his face became deadly pale.

"What shall I tell you, sir?" innocently asked Pearl, moved by the deep feeling of the Scout.

"When was this spirit first seen?"

"Five summers ago, since the pale-face's grave was in the valley, the spirit has been seen at times; but no warrior dare go near the valley, and those who were bold enough to invade the glen where the specter dwells, have never returned."

"Do you know aught of the grave in the valley?"

"No, sir; the Indians say he was slain there by the spirit, for the grave lies just at the entrance of the haunted valley; but my father thinks that two pale-face hunters came into the hills after gold, and one killed the other and buried him there."

"I thank you, Pearl, for the warning you have given me about the haunted valley; but I am going to the Ramsey settlement, and it will save me many a mile to go through the glen, and I will risk seeing the spirit. Remember, to-morrow night I will meet you, and you had better not mention that you know anything of the death of Bad Burke, here."

"No, sir, I will not speak of it; but please do not go through the haunted valley."

"Have no fear, Pearl; good-by."

So saying, the Scout turned and walked down the glen, while Pearl, delighted at having met Red-Hand and warned him of danger, and yet dreading to have him risk his life in the spirit valley, walked with rapid step back to her cabin, determined to discover all in her power, the plans of her wicked father and his Indian warriors, to bring ruin and death upon the pale-faces who had invaded the Black Hills.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TREACHEROUS CREW.

WHEN Michael Mulloney, alias Paddy, left the miners' stronghold, he was delighted at the change in his fortunes, and at once determined to lead a virtuous and happy life, for Paddy was at heart a good fellow, and circumstances which he could not control had set him drifting, until at length he found himself in an outlaw-law band.

Striking out with light steps across the hills, Paddy arrived at length in the outlaw camp, and was greeted with a shout of welcome by his comrades, who believed him dead, for, when they received Red-Hand's fire, they had darted away at full speed, after seeing the Irishman fall, and confident that he had been slain.

But Paddy was hard to kill, and after seven hours' separation from his companions, turned up in camp all right, excepting a flesh-wound, which troubled him but little.

Upon his arrival in camp, Paddy told a straight lie, of how he had fallen from his horse in a swoon, and after recovering and finding no enemy near, had set out for the camp.

"You saw no trace of who it was that fired upon us?" asked Bad Burke, for Kansas King was away from camp.

"No, sir, I saw no trace of it."

"Curse him, or them, whoever they were; but come, sir, the chief gives orders that we will follow him up on a little trip he has gone on, and I need you."

"All right, sir; I'll borrow a horse at once," and Paddy felt assured that the trip of Kansas King would soon discover something regarding his future movements, and he felt glad that he had been selected to go with Bad Burke.

A short while after the outlaw officer and four companions rode forth from the camp, and at a swift pace started for the hills up the glen.

The sun was nearing the western skies when they halted in a gulch, where they found Kansas King and two of his men awaiting them.

"Well, Burke, I have discovered with my glass the home of the old hermit chief, and I will go up the gorge alone and endeavor to speak with him. A maiden has just left the cabin and is coming down this way, so I will head her off."

"She is the girl they call the Pearl of the Hills, and is the daughter of the old hermit. She can show her claws, so the Indians tell me, who have been in this country," said Bad Burke.

"I will have to clip her claws for her, then. You follow slowly on, and be ready to support me if you hear me call," and Kansas King tapped lightly on a small silver bugle hanging to his belt.

"I'll be on hand when you need me," answered Bad Burke, and Kansas King mounted his horse and rode on alone, leaving his companions in the gorge.

Hardly had he been gone ten minutes, when Bad Burke said, bluntly:

"See here, fellows; you all has sense and knows I picked you out to come with me, 'cause I wanted work done. Now, if any fellow here is afraid of blood, he'd better git. Who speaks?"

"Not a word of reply came from either of the two men who had been with Kansas King, or the four who had come with the lieutenant."

Then Bad Burke continued:

"This country—I mean the prairies and the border—is getting too hot for our business, and we've got to git; the chief wants to locate here, and have the Indians for a support; but it won't do, and I've got a plan, and we'll divide between us seven—what say you?"

"I'm in for any job," said one, and the others all nodded for the lieutenant to go ahead.

"Well, I'll tell you: there is a big price offered for the head of Kansas King, and we'll arrange to run him right off from here and deliver him up to the officers at the fort, and that will get us a pardon; then I know what there is a lot of gold and valuables buried, for I helped King to bury them, and we'll dig them up and just slide away from this country with enough metal to make us all rich. What say you?"

"When can we get the chief?" asked one.

"Why, he is gone up the gorge to try and palaver with the Indians, and when he comes back we'll bag him; then I'll go up and talk to the old hermit chief, and tell him Kansas was putting up a job on him, and get him to send his warriors down after our boys, and every one of them will get the knife and lose their hair."

"Now, are you ready, boys?"

"Will we be after making tracks from

these hills as soon as we have the chafe?" asked Paddy.

"Yes, we'll start to night, for it is moonlight, and we will ride hard and soon leave the Black Hills behind us."

"I'm in."

"And I."

"You bet on me."

And sundry other ejaculations of consent to the treacherous plan were given by the traitor crew, Paddy being particularly loud in his glee at the prospects ahead.

Excepting the Irishman, however, the other ruffians were sincere in their desire to betray their chief, and Bad Burke had selected the very men he knew had no love for Kansas King.

It was now arranged that Bad Burke should at once follow Kansas King, watch his meeting with the old hermit, and then go himself to Gray Chief as soon as the outlaw leader left him, and place before him a plan for surprising the band.

In the meantime, when Kansas King returned to the gorge, the six men were to throw themselves upon him, and at once make him prisoner.

Bad Burke then departed, following the trail of his chief, and from a place of concealment on the side of the hill, beheld the meeting of Kansas King and Pearl, the coming of the hermit chief and White Slayer, and then the departure of his leader back to the gorge.

Still lying quiet, he saw the two Indian chiefs return up the gorge, and leave Pearl standing where the meeting had taken place.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

ST. DICKIE'S WA

"Your answer?" she said in a tone that tantalized his very soul. "Major Sussex, when did I promise you anything?"

and from a British soldier?" cried the beauty,

The descendant of the Knickerbockers picked up an antique calendar that lay on the table, and studied it for a moment.

sentences were quite intelligible to her, and almost without a word, she left him on the porch and sought her room.

The Van Dyck tables were spread with

A SNEEZING SWAIN.
BY HUGH HOWARD.

Sports and Pastimes.

EVENTS have transpired in base-ball circles this season which have resulted in the establishment of three classes of the base-ball fraternity: first, the legitimate amateur class, numbering over a thousand regular amateur clubs; secondly, the co-operative professionals or gate-money clubs, which do not exceed fifty, and lastly, the stock company professionals, of which there are but eight. The way this change was brought about was this: For years past we have been battling with the evils connected with professional base-ball.

aided by those of Cincinnati and Louisville

which eventuated in the reorganization of the old Professional National Association under the auspices of professional co-operation clubs

Sports and Pastimes.

to prevent their code of rules being issued by the 15th of that month; but it was the 20th of March before the book was out. In the interim the Amateurs met in council at Philadel-

leaves the batsman as cramped in his position as he was last year. The suggested amendment

tion, which has received the highest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs; that con-

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THE CROSS OF CARLYON!

This brilliant, exciting and effective story, by
A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

to commence in our next number, is laid in Baltimore. It deals with a train of incidents that many denizens of the "Monumental City" probably will recall—the life history of a wondrously beautiful woman, with a wondrously strange denouement, that will be perused with intense interest and satisfaction.

While Dr. Turner, in his "Masked Miner," does not specially treat of the "Molly Maguire" ruffians, his romance opens up the underground world and its strange character so successfully that succeeding romancers have made the Doctor's "Black Diamond Mine" the locale of their stories. The Doctor can stand this "poaching on his preserves," no doubt.

All lovers of sports and pastimes will be pleased to know that Henry Chadwick will continue to cater for them, in our columns, through the entire season. Mr. Chadwick is such a recognized authority, in these matters, and, withal, is such a pleasant and instructive writer, that those interested in our National games will find little more to desire than what he will serve them, in the SATURDAY JOURNAL. His first paper of the season is given on another page.

In this connection we may announce that BEADLE'S DIME BASE BALL PLAYER for 1876 is just ready. Edited by Mr. Chadwick, it is of course admirable in all its features to both novice and amateur. See advertisement elsewhere for its announcement and contents.

Sunshine Papers.

Sunset in Town and Country.

In town. The sun grows weary with looking down upon a great and busy city all the long day. He is a conscientious performer of his duty, though, old Sol, and he hurries not one whit because he is so tired of keeping guard above the endless and perplexing lines of streets and watching the life-tides throbbing along them, and seeing himself reflected from myriads of tin roofs, and concealed, saucy, nine-story windows, that do not succeed, nowadays, in deluding people into believing them quite elevated. Besides, he knows that he is so bright to some poor eyes, that rarely see other brightness. That the little street children, who have known the coldness of winter, are so luxuriously happy as they bask in his light and stamp and press their small feet against the warm flaps. That the old apple-woman, and the bowed vendors of small wares on the busy corners, are conscious of a great warmth diffused by his glancing rays through their thin-blooded veins. That the babies of the poor find gladness and health in his glowing bath denied them in the close, reeking apartments, or even at the breasts of their toiling, half-starving mothers. That the workers in the way-up rooms of the crowded tenements love the bright flecks of his glory that he sifts into their one dingy window, while they bend ceaselessly above their machines that must stitch, stitch, stitch, and never tire, while the blood still beats along the fevered veins of the operators.

So Sol goes, slowly, steadily, along the sky, until his level beams flame and flicker only against the highest windows; and he hangs a red, fiery sphere in an onyx sky of banded red, gray. And when he has shot one last, weary, angry, reproachful look back at the great town of stone and brick, with its restless mortals and driven beasts, knowing that with his stern, watchful guard relaxed the children of men in this modern Sodom will do more of evil than through the hours just passed, he drops with one last, lurid gleam of wrathful flame, suddenly from sight. But that the sun has said good night, the world is not more quiet. Still upward rolls the ceaseless rumble of car and stage, the clatter of truck and carriage, the tramp of hoofs and thud of footsteps. Bells jingle and clash; voices are born and die upon the air; a hum of blended, countless, diverse sounds fills all the city like a low, sobbing monotone; the atmosphere darkens with smoke from belching factory furnaces, and is rifted with the forks of blackened flames from dizzy bights of chimney-stacks, and lastly is sprinkled with weeping straight lines of pale lights; and a plaintive melody floats up from the street corner. What a sorrowful wail those hand-organists often evoke; how worn and weary they appear; how touchingly melancholy are their faces.

Now the tables have been laid in tenement and brown-stone mansions. "The loaf, the tay, the pratie, and, mayhap, the bit of mate for the father," is on the one; odorously steaming soup, substantial meats, tempting vegetables, and choice de serts, are on the other.

Now the young men are dipping soft, white hands in marble basins; are hurriedly devouring a rich, hearty meal after hours of comparative abstinence; are viewing their white, thin, dyspeptic faces in shining mirrors, while trying the "latest agony" in ties; are drawing immaculate shirts over nervous faces and irreproachable unmentionables over undeveloped and attenuated limbs; are wondering if their fair charges will be the most "bang-up" girl at the ball to-night, and how much longer they can honor Miss Soandso with their attention without committing themselves by their assiduity, and whether they can retrieve their luck in the pool-room by morning.

Now the young women are rising languidly from the perusal of the latest novel, or contemplation of new fashions in bonnets; are daintily chocking down a few mouthfuls of the least healthy food upon the dinner-table; are applying layers of chalk and dashes of rouge to their pallid, faded, young faces, before last dressing-glasses, and fastening miracles of hair upon their aching heads; are using all arts of disguise to "make up" their lovely figures; are hoping they will have the costliest toilet of any girl at the dance and that they will make some new conquest, and that father will not retire from business lest they should have to be more economical.

In the country. The sun wraps all the landscape in a warm, yellow, loving embrace, loth to cease caressing the yielding, throbbing, aromatic-breathed earth—the sweet, springing grasses—the bashful, blushing buds—the dainty, tassell-tipped tree-tops—the undulating country roads—the cheery, red-roofed farm-houses and cozy white dots of cottages, nestling down in the extents of meadows. Oh, so lingeringly, so smilingly, so calmly, as with a benediction, the great, ruddy face, and toying, gold-dripping hands sink gently, reluctantly to the last, into a western amber ocean. Even the trail of aureate locks disappear, glittering strand by strand, until only the waves of glory ripple in their opalescent splendor, kissing the upper skies with soft, foam-like showered petals of pink and creamy roses. The fat, sleek cattle go lazily, happily, lowing homeward; the horses are stilled, and the loudly-jubilant watch-dog is stilled with an evening meal and creeps alert and noiseless to his kennel. And a restful, sweet, solemn silence falls. The enchantments of the west have resolved to a faint, lambent flush, the ether is deepening from blue to darkest violet, and through it silver jewels drop light.

Now the supper is spread in every home; and sweet home-made bread, fresh butter, and pure milk are found alike in cottage and "the big house," to supplement the hearty, healthful noonday meal.

Now John is laying his strong, honest hands at the pump, by the outer kitchen-door; is deliberately enjoying his simple, nutritious supper; is brushing his crown of thick curls before the bit of looking-glass in his fire-axed room and smiling sunnily into his reflected, bronzed, bearded face; is exchanging his picturesque, woolen shirt for a "best one," and his patterned, spiced with scents of freshly plowed fields, for his Sunday-go-to-meetin's, stretching his round, powerful arms and standing with careless, strengthful grace upon his hardy, muscular limbs; is wondering if he will look half-nice enough to deserve his sweetheart's smiles, and if her dear lips will this night consent to promise themselves forever to him, and if he can work any harder to earn her a comfortable home.

Now Jennie is deftly placing the chairs, and getting out father's slippers; is relishing her wholesome meal; is bathing her face of milk and roses in a cool flood of water, and is looking into the depths of her own bright eyes as she fastens a cunning little knot of blue ribbon among her wreath of thick, glossy hair; is hiding the soft curves of her plump figure, and the seductively lovely tinge of her glowing skin, under a neat, trim gown; and his father will be pleased with her, and that he will whisper his love, and that she can show him some day what a thrifty, economical wife she can be.

And the sun is quite gone, and only enough light is left to write—

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

DIDN'T THINK.

WHAT a vast amount of misery, care, toil and suffering might be averted if we would only stop to consider what we were about to say and do. But we are such an impetuous, heedless, "drive ahead" set that we rush pell-mell into everything we do, reckless of consequences only to realize the evil wrought when too late. We say harsh and bitter words to our friends, our nearest friends, words of which they are undeserving and which make them enemies to us from henceforward. We repay their kindness with ingratitude, their love with indifference. When we need the advice, counsel and aid of those friends how can we express surprise to see them turn away from us? Ah, me! We never know the full worth and value of a friend until we are in trouble and have lost that friend through our own fault, because we didn't stop to weigh the words we uttered—because we "didn't think."

We read an item a day or two ago about a little boy in school who drew a pistol on a playmate, and not knowing the weapon was loaded pulled the trigger and shot dead the poor little innocent. The excuse of course was—"he didn't think the pistol was loaded."

Didn't think! And the little dead face in the coffin was the result.

But how came the child by the pistol, and how came the pistol to be loaded? Probably this tells the story: The children were trifling and fractious; they cried and "took on" because the fire-arms were denied to them, making the house a perfect Bedlam; if Bedlam can be perfect—until for the sake of peace and quietness, the howling was stopped and the children marched away with the dangerous instrument of death. "We didn't think it was loaded when we loaned it," is the excuse of the parents. Children are not the only ones who have brought death to others by this careless use of fire-arms; grown people who ought to know better, have been as guilty, for guilt it is and we can make nothing less out of it.

Why don't people stop to think when human lives are in danger?

The station-agent didn't think there was a train coming in the other direction, when he telegraphed that the road was "all clear." His mind was on some other business or was indifferent. The result was another fearful collision—more lives lost and more property damaged. How many an aching heart has this thoughtlessness caused—how many widows and orphans has been the means of making by his "inattention!" When the verdict is known, it will only be "no one to blame," because the station-master "didn't think."

Buildings fall and dams give way, causing more losses of life, but the builders are excusable and held blameless because they didn't think their work was so insecure, for, they didn't think of anything but the money they were to receive for their work.

Parents are surprised that their children should go wrong; they wonder how they could do so when they always allowed them to have their own way at home and were never censured for the least thing. They didn't think that this very indulgence may have been the prime cause of the suffering they now endure on their account. They didn't think of whom their children associated or that questionable company may have been the cause of all the ruin.

Opium-eaters didn't think their habit would grow upon them—that the drug would make as much of a slave as any African ever was. They didn't think they could not shake off the dreadful craving for the narcotic. They didn't think they were ruining themselves in health and manliness. Poor, poor creatures!

That miserable, bloated being on whom the brand of "drunkard" is so indelibly stamped didn't think that his first glass would lead to another until it brought with it a train of evils, now almost too late to eradicate—that the world would look on him with contempt—that children, as pure as he once was, would shrink from going near him. If he had but thought of these things how different would have been his fate!

No time to think! We are too much in a hurry to have thoughts of future wrong, and when it comes too late for wishing words unsaid and ill deeds undone, we are amazed to see how much wrong we have been guilty of—how much we have to answer for; simply because we "didn't think." EYE LAWLESS.

CENTS' SPRING STYLES.

In addition to what was given last week we may add that little change will be made in full dress suits. The inevitable "swallow-tailed" coat will be cut a little fuller in the sleeves, especially at the wrists, and the trousers will be somewhat straighter.

Spring overcoats will be made of almost every kind of cloth from a fine black broadcloth to the lighter shades of mixed chevots. The most popular will be of subdued gray diagonal worsteds or mixed meltons, brown and gray. They will be cut single-breasted, with fly front and rolling collar. The linings will be generally of silk. The skirts will reach an inch or two below the knee. All the pockets are to be on the inside.

The spring style of silk hat is an improvement over previous fashions, being less bell-crowned and heavy in appearance than the hat worn during the fall and winter. Seen from the side it lessens in size slightly toward the top, while a front view discloses a slight upward curve. The brim is narrow with a rolling or very narrow D'Orsay curve. For elderly gentlemen or for gentlemen with full faces the brim is a little wider. Stiff felt hats are much worn. Their brims are usually narrow, the crowns generally rounded and not so deep as for winter hats. Besides black and other dark colors there are mixed grays and browns to match the spring styles of walking suits. There are many styles of soft felt hats, ranging from those with a wide brim and tall crown to the more common low-crowned hats worn by boys. The light shades of silk hats will not be found in the hat store until the middle of May.

Fashionable shoemakers say that boots have gone entirely out of fashion, and are now worn only by a set of old gentlemen who disregard both comfort and style in their preference for them. Buttoned gaiters have been worn almost exclusively by fashionable men during the winter, but as the weather grows warmer, the Oxford tie will be the favorite shoe. The style is plain, with rounded toe of medium breadth, a little narrower than for the winter, broad, low heel, and a single sole of medium thickness, which gives the shoe a solid but very neat appearance, and makes it very comfortable for the feet.

Foolsap Papers.

Whitehorn's Centennial Hotel.

As the sagacious American Eagle swoops around in that portion of space which hangs above the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia, he beholds as he casts his eye downward with a smile on his countenance, the erection of a mammoth hotel which is being built by the patriotic testator purely upon the Centennial plan; designed for the accommodation of such pilgrims as are in the habit of sleeping or eating in the intermediate meannesses when not in the pursuit of weariness, vanity, or vexation of spirituous beverages.

To conform with the spirit of the occasion the house will be one hundred yards long, and one hundred yards deep; built of lumber made from trees one hundred years old (having been planted for the express purpose). Each floor will contain one hundred rooms, the furniture of which you will readily see has been in use for one hundred years and therefore vastly more preferable to the meditative American than if it was entirely new and without any history to speak of.

At the dining-table, which will seat one hundred persons, there will be one hundred waiters in attendance, each one hundred years old; and if you order a dish one hundred times and should happen to be led to think that it will be one hundred years before you get it, show your patience as well as your patience, and toy with your napkin, while you count one hundred backward to prevent yourself from getting mad—and hurt.

The gray-headed butler which you will find on these tables will be one hundred years of age, and if you are not led to say so at first taste you will be considered a hundred years behind the age.

If any guest, however, sets to eating at these tables as if he expected to get enough to last for the next hundred years he will vacate the premises immediately, heading a procession of boot; the boot will be a hundred years old to be in keeping with the Centennial fitness of things.

No chickens will be allowed on these tables except those who crew on the star-spangled morning of July 4th, 1776, and, as they will be as firm and vigorous as our forefathers were, nothing but swords of Bunker Hill will be used in carving them.

Old men who used to have the pleasure of slapping G. Washington on the back and borrowing cheeks of tobacco of him, will, by bringing the affidavit of G. W. himself, of the affair, be allowed to board at this house at half-price paid two times.

Persons lounging about here as if they intended to stay and not pay their board for a hundred years, will be ejected so suddenly that they will think it was done a hundred years ago when they became settled enough to begin to reflect upon the matter in anything like a calm way.

In these Centennial times we expect to be pretty well crowded, and cannot make a deduction for those who sleep under beds; the charge will be just the same; we shall not be a respecter of persons, since one hundred years ago one fore or five fathers wrote that all men were created equal.

Tea will be made with the water of Massachusetts Bay and if it should happen to be weak and feeble it will be on account of its age.

Continental money will be given in change, but we will not take any, having a good stock of it on hand.

Liberal deductions will be made to guests who come here without baggage, and no pay asked in advance. No other house does this; the reason we do so is that baggage costs a good deal to handle, and often when they do go off and leave trunks, along with their board bills, they contain nothing but emptiness or other rubbish, which isn't profitable to have on hand.

People who had no ancestors living in 1776 will under no consideration be permitted to put up here.

People who have lived to become centenarians without dying earlier, are fashionably expected to come here wearing the very clothes they wore a hundred years ago, even if they are a little faded. We do not insist on this, but then it would lend a picturesqueness to the occasion, you know.

Ancient Americans inhabiting this house will not be expected to take so much interest in the spirit of '76 as to devote all their time and attention to their rights by inhibiting the principles of freedom with just the least little bit of a squeeze of a lemon in it.

The rattle of musketry every morning will rouse the patriot guests from their dreams of being away from home and out of reach of their wives and other annoyances, when they will jump on their night-mares and gallop to the sanguinary field as represented by the breakfast-table, whether they are very sanguine of getting victuals and glory or not, shouting the battle-cry of "More coffee, down ye," but the battle yell of "Charge, Whitehorn, charge," will be dispensed with on this occasion.

Every bed in the house will have the bar-strengthened banner for a spread to afford each more than average American citizen an opportunity to wrap the flag around him and lie down to pleasant dreams, providing the three other fellows in the same bed ain't unloyally given to the oppressive British habit of snoring in their sleep, or dreaming that they are at Bunker Hill, and that he is a single file of red-coats coming up the hill who needs licking.

The Declaration will be read just before each meal, and the Constitution of our forefathers and fore-fathers-in-law just before retiring at night to sleep.

Kings, etc., will not be made to sleep on the floor if possible, as everything will be done for comfort that can be. When one bed-full gets asleep, we will turn the bed over and fill that side.

The rate of fare at this house will be five cents a mile. One square meal one square dollar; boot-jacks extra. Poor men with money treated the same as anybody else.

Call and see us; bring your family, do!
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—And now, rheumatics are in season. He who gets along without them knows very little of his wife's angst. There is one kind of rheumatism which makes a man's face look as if he had stereotyped the expression from a mirror with a "wave" in it; but the kind that takes hold like hot glue down the back-bone, or frosty iron on the tongue, or a needle in the eye, is the kind we mean—the indigenous, aboriginal, hybrid, improved, Cataglyphis, which Whitehorn's Lightning Extractor has no more effect on than a bee sting on a forty-horse engine. One who is now enjoying an attack of the Original Jacobs thus defines the human nature of his sensations:—"Swallow two quarts of carpet-tacks; take a running jump, banged into a barrel of broken beer bottles; let a swarm of enraged hornets roost on your head, and then roll out into a bed of fish-hooks, and you'll get a faint idea of the nature and sensation of a first-class rheumatism when it gets hold of you and means business."

But, psalm! This fellow has only taken the first dose in rheumatism. Let him wait until the time comes to put the thumb-screws on his knee joints, and the double twist on his hips, and the two-inch augur in his back—then we'll be happy to hear from him.

—Dr. McKinley of Chicago has issued a pamphlet giving some interesting statistics in reference to intoxication in the United States. The author claims to have used extraordinary exertions to obtain accuracy, having visited nearly all the States of the Union, 23 penitentiaries, 360 jails, 40 almshouses and hospitals, the haunts of the vicious and the palaces of the refined to obtain data. Out of every 300 men we are told that 122 never drink ardent spirits at all, and of 700 women 600 never taste alcoholics of any kind. Out of every 178 men who drink 78 do so to intoxication. Of these 78 we are told 3 are confirmed inebriates, 25 are periodical drinkers and 50 are ephemeral drinkers. In other words, 1 out of every 4 men in the country drinks to intoxication. The statistics for the whole population of the country show that out of 5,000,000 there are 50,000 habitual drunkards; in a nation of 40,000,000 there are 400,000 habitual drunkards. Dr. McKinley states that a very large proportion of the excessive drinkers are men of culture and refinement—actors, lawyers, physicians, legislators and ministers of the gospel. Out of 11 congressmen 1 is a periodical drinker, 1 an occasional drinker, 4 drink periodically, and 4 only are sober at all times.

—The following new scale of postal rates has been sent us by a correspondent:

A one-cent stamp for a circular,
A two-cent stamp for a newspaper,
A three-cent stamp for a sealed letter,
All letters on in the right corner.
Lick, brothers, lick with care.
On the right hand side, not everywhere,
Unless you want the postmaster's
To make things hot, and "cuss and swear."

And speaking of licking, reminds us of Theodor Hook's reply to Charles Matthews, one occasion, when supping in the company of Peake, the latter surreptitiously removed from his plate several slices of tongue; and, affecting to be very much annoyed at such practical joking, Hook concluded with the question: "Now, Charles, what would you do to anybody who treated you in such a manner?" "Do!" exclaimed Matthews. "Why, if any man meddled with my tongue, I should lick him!"

—It appears that the incredulity with which statements concerning the borax lake have been received in England has been considerably lessened by supplies of the material coming to the London market. The pottery districts are especially interested in the discovery. Accounts set forth that very extensive works are now nearly completed for the refining and purifying of this borax for shipment. Stimulated by the action of the railroad company, the Borax Company has sent out large works, and expects to turn out from 20 to 50 tons of the mineral per day. The deposit of borax extends over an area of 18 miles in length by 6 to 8 miles in width covered with crude borax to the depth of 3 to 5 feet. The crude mineral averages from 20 to 40 per cent. of pure salt.

A romance in real life has just culminated at Portland, Me. Many years ago a young man and woman were married in an Eastern State, but, after a brief life, quarreled and were divorced. Both parties then married again, and after several years the wife of one and the husband of the other died. Four years ago the woman went to Portland to live, and almost the first person she met on her arrival was her former husband. They concluded, finally, to try it over again, were married, lived together three years, took up the old quarrel where they left it 30 years ago, and again are petitioners for a divorce!

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared for publication. MSS. prepared for future editions.—Unusable MSS. promptly returned, only where stamp accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. may be able to us well worthy of us.—All experienced and popular writers will find an ever ready market for their offerings here, in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases. Correspondents will find replies to queries in the paper heading three weeks after reception of the inquiry. To reply sooner is impossible.

Declined: "Peggy's Lover," "A Sorap of Paper," "The Last Glass," "What a Pistol Did," "The Summer Flight," "Will My Love Return," "A Good Speech," "The Truth at Last," "Molly Maguire No More," "A Spendthrift's Blessing," "Old Daddy Vance," "Speaking French," "Locust Grove Mystery," "A Swath of Plow."

Accepted: "My Quest," "Eternal Melody," "Before," "A Dreamland Chime," "Miss or Madam," "Six Links in the Chain," "A Gospel of War," "How Miss Freytagton Conquered," "Saying Good," "Old and Fair," "The Wish that Won."

DANDY NASH. We last week gave the "spring styles" you ask for. Follow directions there indicated.

MRS. OLLA RICE. Pack your furs closely in a strong paper bag, using pepper and camphor for moth protector.

LITTLE LIZZIE LANE. May parties occur any time in May. Write to the Editor for the May Queen.

OSCAR WHITE. BEADLE'S DIME BASE-BALL PLAYER for 1876 is what you want. It is by far the most useful as it is the cheapest of all the base-ball books.

A. APPELATE. "Bowie-knife Ben" runs through thirteen numbers, which we can supply—price six cents each.

JNO. F. L. Bathe face daily in carbolic soap. Touch each word head with tincture of iodine. Be careful of your diet, and eat only good food.

WILL J. Buffalo Bill uses various rifles and revolvers—Spencer, Remington, Evans, etc. His present home is Rochester, N. Y.

HARPOONER. Any exercise that is not too exhausting is good for the health and complexion. Sunburn will soon wear off if the face is properly protected.

F. F. N. See the book list of A. S. Barnes & Co. for text-books in Spanish. A special teacher is most desirable to learn a language quickly.

ANTHONY CHARLEY. Consult any railway ticket agent for the information you require.—As to a rifle, we can commend the Remington, small size. It is expensive, so are all the popular makers.

MRS. E. M. B. Cleopatra was a very beautiful heathen. She was not black nor dusky in hue, but a Greek of the most beautiful type. With her death ended the dynasty of the Greek kings of Egypt, who had reigned for many years.

Mrs. HANNAH N. There is a fine line of perfectly hardy roses, which need no covering for winter protection, and some of these bloom quite freely through all the summer. All have one month or six weeks of profuse bloom. We would recommend the following: Gen. Jacqueminot or the Geo. Washington (crimson scarlet); La Reine (rosy lilac); Louis Van Houtte (reddish scarlet); Suvardoff (dark red); Count Cavour (bright crimson); Lyonnet (light pink); Plus IX. or Prince Albert (deep rose); La France (shiny white); Charles Verdier (pink); Caroline De Senneval (pale pink); and the new one; Alex. Bachmetoff (deep rose); Belle Normande (light rose). These are very fine varieties, and will give you all the colors of bloom. The dozen good plants can be had for \$1 of any of the leading florists.

ROSE MAY WRITES: "I am a young lady of twenty, an orphan, and I board at a distant relative's; so, having no near friends, I am a lonely girl. A gentleman who boards here has been paying me very particular attentions, and has professed his love for me; and I care very much for him. Recently I learned that he was a married man who had separated from his wife but was not divorced. Under such circumstances can he marry again? Have I any chance of becoming his wife? If not, what ought I to do, knowing that I love him, and knowing, also, that I love him and he loves me?" When man and wife separate, neither can marry again while the husband is living. He has no chance of becoming the gentleman's wife until the death of his existing wife. Under these circumstances your good sense should tell you that he has acted a very contemptible part in seducing your love, and is not henceforth worthy even your friendship. You should have utterly nothing to do with such a man.

MILLORE. We believe that all men are born free and equal, and that persons should be judged by what they are, and not by any antecedents or circumstances of birth and education; and if the gentleman who boards here has been paying me very particular attentions, and you loved him, we should say you were justified in following your inclinations. But you own that you know him your inferior; and be assured that no short-lived passion will ever banish the miserable feeling of disparity that must exist between two persons, one familiar with riches, the other with poverty; one educated, the other not; one accustomed to all the refinements of a cultured circle, the other wholly unversed in such refinements. The wife must always gravitate to the level of the husband, and your tortured sensibilities would soon destroy the little love of an unwise union. Lastly, let nothing induce you to link your life with any one of intemperate habits. Better conquer such an unfortunate love than succumb to it. You will soon learn that you can survive this "blight." But the blight that would fall upon your life through such a marriage, would be irremediable.

F. E. M. Sacramento, says: "There is a young gentleman who calls at our house occasionally to see myself and sister, but I think more to see her, though she has a gentleman waiting on her. The other evening he asked my sister to go with him to a lecture, and she refused. Then he asked me if he might take me to the lecture, and I said yes, not knowing he had asked my sister first. Of course when I found that I would not go, and sent him my regrets. Was I not right to refuse to play second fiddle? And did I not treat him correctly? Well, no, hardly. It seems to us you should have kept your engagement with him, as you would have done, no doubt, with great pleasure had you not found out that he was a married man. He will always be some one who must play second fiddle; and while your self estimation may be very commendable, yet in that case you would have done better to have kept that engagement. You could have avoided all future ones."

ALEX G. You should not continue to pay frequent visits to a young lady whom you have no idea of marrying, and who "suspects" that she "commences to care considerable" about you. You have "every reason to believe" that she likes you, we would advise you not to call on her again, save at very long intervals; and then be sure that your manners are not deceivingly tender. To "constant invitations" accord polite regrets, until she is thoroughly convinced of the pure friendliness of your acquaintance.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

BOOKS OF THE TIME!

The Dime Centennial Speaker, containing the great utterances of our great Orators, Poets, Statesmen and Divines, on the themes of American Patriotism, Liberty and Union. Edited by Dr. Louis Legrand.

The Dime Centennial Song Book.

Both now ready. Sold by all newsdealers. Price One Dime!
In Press:

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A new biography, giving pleasant portraits of the boyhood, student life and young manhood of the Father of his Country; a full and deeply interesting narrative of his early military life—of his marriage and life and habits at Mt. Vernon—of his career as commander-in-chief of the American army—of his services as President—of his succeeding services and death; with social and personal sketches of his "Court." By C. H. Pannell.

Being No. 1 of a brilliant series of Biographies of Men of the Revolution. To be sold by all newsdealers. Price One Dime each. Each volume 100 pages large duodecimo—literally a dollar book for a dime!

SOMETIME!

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Life does not find completeness here.
We grasp at things too far away,
And overlook the gladness near
In thinking of a coming day.

We love and lose. We strive and fail.
We dream, and dreams are idle things;
The tree falls earthward in the gale
To which some vine for safety clings.

Oh, voice of tears! Oh, weary hands!
Oh, eyes more sad than pansies are!
Somewhere, I think, in happier lands,
Life lifts for you its morning star!

Sometime, for those who trusting wait
Shall the white flowers of gladness blow,
And Heaven shall fully compensate
For all the losses earth can know.

The Men of '76.

SUMTER.

The South Carolina "Game Cock."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

No name shines brighter in local and partisan history than that of Thomas Sumter, in the history of South Carolina. That State produced a literal race of heroes in Sumter, Marion, Gadsden, Pickens, Horry, Huger, Hampton, Williams, Lee, Hammond, Moultrie, Hayne, and their confederates. Every one of these men contributed so much by their services and sacrifices to the cause of their country's independence as to deserve lasting honor and the grateful remembrance of those who now enjoy the fruits of their heroic lives.

Sumter, born in Virginia in the year 1734, served in the Old French war as a man in the ranks in the Virginia provincials, officered by Washington. After Braddock's defeat he drifted South, and we find him engaged in the "Cherokee War," as it is known, and was present at the bloody second battle with the savages at Etowah, June, 1761, where Marion led the forlorn hope.

Such service in his young manhood well qualified him for the more responsible ordeal to come. When the Revolution broke out his good reputation made him lieutenant-colonel in the second regiment of riflemen from South Carolina.

The sudden brave action of the South Carolinians in driving the British out of Charleston at the very opening of the war, and the fortifications thrown up by the noble Moultrie on the island, served to preserve the State from invasion, for three years—during which time Sumter was chiefly engaged in watching the old enemy on the border and the disloyalists at work everywhere among the people.

But, the possession of South Carolina was absolutely essential to the British arms, and in 1779 the enemy came, by way of Port Royal, up to Charleston, but were driven back and had to retire eventually to Savannah, then in British hands. In February, 1780, Sir Henry Clinton in person came with a powerful fleet and land force to beleague Charleston, and that place, though bravely defended by Lincoln and Moultrie, succumbed to superior forces, famine and exhaustion. In May the British were masters of South Carolina, by the virtue of the capture of Charleston and all its defenders. This left the State almost at the enemy's mercy.

Then followed the remarkable events of the "Partisan War," wherein Marion, the "Swamp Fox," and Sumter, "the Game Cock," became the patriots' only hope, the torments of terror and the enemy's mortification. Retiring to the swamp fastnesses of the Santee, after he had witnessed the burning of his own and neighbors' dwellings by the ruthless foe, he there found many of the best men of the State in forlorn destitution. These he gathered around him, and resolved to form a legion of his own, to fight after his own style and haunt the enemy like an evil spirit bent on vengeance.

To this end he made his way through the back settlements as far north as North Carolina, seeking for recruits. In one of the settlements where the Gillespie family dominated he found the people so devoted to cock-fighting that he almost wholly indifferent to the war. Sumter suddenly appeared at one of these fights, when all the people were gathered to witness the hundredth victory of a celebrated cock called Tuck, which never had been beaten, but uniformly had killed its antagonist. Into the pit Sumter stalked to shame the men for such disgraceful misuse of their time and privileges. He called upon them to go with him and become fighters of the enemy of their liberty. The key-note was struck. The Gillespies cried "Tuck forever!" and a score of hardy, fearless men enlisted.

This incident, and the manner of his fighting—rushing in upon an enemy no matter what his strength—gave him the sobriquet "The Game Cock."

His success in recruiting exceeded his power to arm the men. Each one had his own horse, but his broadsword had to be forged from a mill saw by the country blacksmith, while a knife fastened on the end of a pole made a formidable lance. Their guns were mostly fowling-pieces or squirrel rifles, while pewter plates and dishes were freely given to run into bullets. These were the first equipments of his men, but the ready riders had not even this outfit and had to stand idle until Sumter won what was wanted from the well-armed foe.

The work commenced by a dash (July 12th, 1780), on a predatory force of British and Tories under one Huck. Acting under Clinton's commission as one of Colonel Ferguson's captains, this Huck was plundering, destroying and murdering the patriots in the upper districts until he had become a general terror. Down on Huck's band Sumter swooped, and giving no quarter, every one of the wretches save about twenty was slain, including both Huck and his superior, Ferguson—a noted English cavalry officer.

This gave the partisan arms, and what was more, a fame, which drew to his side numerous recruits, and he soon found his "Swamp Brigade" to number six hundred as trusty troops as ever straddled a horse. Rutledge, Governor of the State, now promptly commissioned him a brigadier, and assigned to him a certain section, while Marion with his band was, at the same time, given another district in which to operate for the common good.

A fruitless attempt (July 30th) in a most daring assault on the well-intrenched post at Rocky Mount, taught his men how to follow their leader. Hardly had this transpired when he struck the powerfully defended post at Hanging Rock, garrisoned by five hundred men, including one hundred and sixty of Tarleton's legion. His onslaught was so fierce that the enemy broke and fell back to their inner line of intrenchments. Sumter's men, finding plenty of good things in the captured camp,

became somewhat disorganized, and the leader drew them off—the enemy too badly cut up to strike back.

These two affairs alarmed the invaders and exhilarated the militia. They gave Sumter arms and equipments for all his troopers and much-needed stores. The next move on Cornwallis' depot of stores at Carey's Fort was the crowning act of the partisan's "effrontery." Gates was at Camden, where Cornwallis, on the very day of Sumter's assault, (August 16th) had defeated the whole American army; but, unaware of this, Sumter—having secured the fort and all its great mass of movable stores and numerous prisoners—started up the Wateree for Gates' headquarters; and only learned of what had happened when nearly opposite the Camden battle-ground. Cornwallis, maddened and annoyed by the loss of his stores, put all of Tarleton's legion in pursuit of Sumter, and overtook him at Fishing Creek. The noted British commander rode right in to the partisan camp almost before the South Carolinians were aware, and the brigade was routed in a hurry, losing not only all its previous captures but many of its men, and so disorganized the command that Sumter had to go to work again to recruit and reorganize.

He was not long in doing this. His brigade was soon harassing Cornwallis, and Sumter longed for a chance to meet his antagonist, Tarleton. But this officer was then off after Marion, so Cornwallis put another trooper after the "Cock"—Col. Weymss—with a regiment of regulars and a strong corps of dragoons. Just after midnight (November 9th) the British came stealthily on Sumter's camp, but instead of a victory met with a most signal defeat. Weymss—detested for his outrages on people and property—was taken prisoner, badly wounded, and only saved from the immediate vengeance of the brigade by Sumter's resolute bearing.

Crossing Broad river at once with his prisoners, Sumter pushed on hastily for an assault on the strong British post at Ninety-Six, but Tarleton was after him now, and the partisan hastily covered his inferiority of force by placing the Tiger river between him and the British troopers, and at once went into fighting position. Tarleton came up and dismounted his whole command, to await the arrival of his artillery, when the wary partisan put out his lines and opened the fight. Tarleton in perfect confidence advanced to the challenge, but, to his utter consternation, in a few moments his legion was flying, leaving one hundred and ninety-two dead and wounded on the field. He had been entrapped and cut to pieces by fire from front and both flanks. The American loss was small, but Sumter, always in the front, was shot through the breast—a very severe wound which laid him up for several months, greatly to Cornwallis' relief.

But early in 1781 the emergency called Sumter to saddle again. Cornwallis was pressing after Greene hard, and to make a diversion in Greene's favor the "rebel" suddenly pounced upon the British posts along the Congaree. Lord Rawdon put out from Charleston to intercept, and, if possible, to destroy him, but Sumter was seemingly ubiquitous. His work was exasperating in the extreme to the British. He destroyed their magazines at Fort Granby; he instantly disappeared and turned up next day before another post on the Congaree. The next day he surprised an escort and captured its train. Then swimming the Santee he suddenly appeared before Fort Watson. He retired again toward Camden and worsted Major Frazer's command. His men would dissolve ranks and appear at some distant rendezvous. There was no "cornering" him, and the enemy seeing his growing strength, became very cautious and anxious.

Greene now being relieved of Cornwallis on his front, pushed on down to help extirpate the British in the Carolinas. Sumter with his three regiments, literally swept the whole country between the Broad, Saluda and Wateree rivers—and when Greene with his contingents came on the ground he found both Sumter and Marion ready for his commands. He assigned to them the task of pushing Rawdon back into Charleston while he operated against the enemy's several interior posts.

The two tireless swamp-riders gave Rawdon plenty of trouble. Almost daily conflicts ensued. The British little by little were forced to contract their lines and give up their outposts, sullenly enough, too, for it was galling to their pride to be whipped out of place and be outdone in gallantry. But the day of their detested and devastating occupancy was over, and when fall came (1781) the English in Charleston were virtually under siege.

Sumter, worn out with service in the "low country," now retired to the upper country for the benefit of the mountain air, but when he returned again to the field the war was as good as ended, and the noted partisan became once more the private citizen. He did not, however, long live in retirement, for his admiring countrymen honored him with public trusts. He served his State in the National Congress both as Representative and Senator and lived to the remarkably ripe age of ninety-eight years, dying at his place near Bradford Springs, S. C., June 1st, 1832.

A True Knight:
OR,
TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK!

Oh, those long, sunny, listless September days in the heart of the cedar forest! Oh, the anguish of longing, the infinite gradations of passionate pain! Oh, the pale, short gleams of resignation—of Heaven's approving smile, which beamed athwart the cold gloom of this weary winter of the heart!

George and Aubrey sat side by side in the cool, dim chamber in the ruined chalet. The casement was thrown wide, without fear now, and the invalid's chair was drawn close to it.

Nobody ever came there and the boy was gasping for air.

His exquisite countenance had on it a pallor yet more transparent than before; violet shadows encircled his glittering eyes, and his lips were of a pure and vivid carmine, at the same time a pathetic pain and weariness clouded his loveliness; so that, with his head thrown back, his gold-bright hair scattered about on the pillow, and his white lids closed and quivering, he seemed like some stray seraph grieving over the paradise he had lost.

George watched him with a haunting pity in his deep, true eyes.

He had been reading to Aubrey—a letter from his mother, a letter which tenderly welcomed the friendless wait for her friends, never to leave it until he had found another home which he could love better—if such a home

was in reserve for him. She had also sent a tinted photograph of herself to the boy, remembering with womanly tact and delicacy, how hard it is to desire that which we have never seen, or to feel drawn toward one whose appearance is unknown to us.

Aubrey still held the likeness in his languid hand; he had gazed upon it long and earnestly, and now lay quiet, thinking.

A noble face it was, and formed to express only noble emotions, delicate in feature, bright and beautiful of eye; a faint rose bloom still mantling the comely cheeks, and the abundant hair, though silvery white, still curving and curling about the placid brow and graceful neck.

A sweet, a divine face, lit by a radiant spirit!

By such a mother, judge, dear readers, the son!

"Dear boy, cheer up; you shall be very happy among the lovely flowers of Florida," said George tenderly, thinking that Aubrey's heart sunk at the prospect of such a journey, and of a home among strangers.

The boy's whole face quivered; large tears rolled from under his closed eyes, but he did not speak.

"Oh, come! come! This will never do," said George, cheerfully; "you have only to see my mother, and you can't help feeling at home with her. That picture has frightened you; it does not do her justice at all; it is like a lamp without a light; my mother's soul shines like a light from her eyes. You can't help loving her, Aubrey, when you see her."

A sob escaped the boy; he covered his face with his hands, while a sudden storm of emotion convulsed and shook his attenuated frame.

In a moment George, faithful and tender, was beside him, his kind hands caressing him, brotherly words of cheer falling from his lips.

Suddenly Aubrey flung his hands away and writhed from him with a low, bitter cry.

"Go away," said he, "you torture me."

George drew back, cut to the heart.

"I don't wish to torture you, my poor boy," said he, "I want to comfort you."

Aubrey writhed again as if these words stung him anew.

"Why are you so kind to me?" cried he, fixing his eyes blazing through their tears upon that sad yet patient face.

"What would you have me do?" answered George; "you have no home; you can't work; you are ill; what in Heaven's name would you have me do? I can't let you starve."

"What business is it of yours?" said Aubrey.

"All the rest of the world is willing to have me starve, why are not you?"

George said nothing.

"Don't, don't look at me so!" exclaimed Aubrey, vehemently. "Always, always, the same pitying, loving look! Oh, you are either an angel, or the worst hypocrite that ever lived!"

"Ah, child," sighed George, "when you know me better you will trust me more, and when you see my mother, you will be sorry you ever doubted me."

"Yes, your mother," said Aubrey with a fresh burst of tears; "you have a beautiful mother—and so had I once. Where is she now? Oh, she was an angel, Mr. Laurie, and I loved her so. She had yellow hair like mine, and eyes like a bit of Heaven, and when she kissed me with her trembling hot lips, she called me her own darling boy, I used to forget that I was only a poor sickly cripple, shut up in an asylum for incurables, and I knew what it was to be happy."

He wept so violently that George once more attempted to comfort and soothe him, but Aubrey took no heed of him till his passion was spent, when, lying back, faint and exhausted, with his nerveless hands still in George's tender clasp, he seemed to sleep.

The soft wind whispered among the crisp foliage outside; the autumn flowers bowed their glowing faces, raining their petals on the tangled weeds at their feet, and the red sun set peeped through the gray tree trunks under the motionless cedar branches like the glare of some far off configuration.

The red light lit those silent faces with an unearthly beauty—the sleeping boy's and his watching protector's.

Suddenly the lovely eyes of Aubrey flew wide; he looked round him with a little shiver, then long, and with passionate earnestness into George's. A thrill seemed to pass through his whole frame; his face worked; he snatched his hands from George's, and with a faint cry wound his arms round his neck and strained him close, pressing his burning cheek against his.

"My dear Aubrey," faltered George—and could say no more.

"Oh, you kind, good man!" said Aubrey, choked with sobs, "I can't hold out against you any more. I do believe in you; I do love you, and if I could only have the hope of dying with your arms round me, I would be almost glad to go!"

"My dear, dear Aubrey!" repeated George, tenderly smoothing back his tangled curls.

Aubrey put up his thin hand and felt George's face.

"You are crying!" said he, with a laugh, half-glad, half-anguished; "you are crying over poor, helpless, ungrateful, unthankful Aubrey. Oh, how good God must be to be able to fashion such a heart as yours! How can you care for me? How can you bear with all my wicked suspicions and insolent reproaches? Why don't you hate me and leave me to perish as I deserve? Instead, you treat me like a brother; you are never weary of showing me kindness."

George could not answer except by caresses; perhaps he thought of the Elder Brother who is so unwilling to forsake his unthankful brethren, who will never leave them to perish if they will only accept his help.

"Ah! you think I am such a child, and such a selfish and wicked one that I have been quite blind to all you have suffered for my sake," continued Aubrey, with the same fervid earnestness. "I'm not so blind, though, but that I can guess that in staying here to nurse me, you have lost your situation. I know that by the letters you are always answering to those advertisements you see in the papers. I'm not so stupid but that I can see that you're not a rich man, that you give most of your money to support your mother, and that you save everything off yourself to buy these expensive comforts for me. At first in my disappointment at being shut up here instead of being allowed to find the lady who visited me at the Home, I was base enough to suspect you all the time—to think that you knew who my father and mother were, and were keeping me hidden until they would offer you a large enough reward to restore me. But now—oh! my true-hearted, generous benefactor, I believe in you—I love you—I would lay down my life to serve you!"

"You make me happy, very happy and grateful to God by these words!" said George, tremulously; "life can never seem so bleak and hopeless again, nor duty so hard to perform."

God bless you, my boy, and give you many happy years, for I need your love, Aubrey, having lost her love who used to light my life-path like a star."

Fifteen minutes later, Aubrey sat alone immersed in thought. The window was closed now, and the curtain carefully drawn; the lamp stood ready to be lit on the little table by his side with his books, some flowers, and a basket of grapes to cool his fevered mouth—all set in their places by George before he went down to Linsdale to see what letters the mail might have brought him.

Aubrey had placed Mrs. Laurie's picture where he might catch its beaming eyes from time to time, and whenever he glanced that way, his breath quickened, and he murmured: "Oh, how kind—how generous!"

At last, after musing deeply for some time, he exclaimed, half-aloud: "I must do something to help him! I dare not be a burden to him any longer!"

A soft rustle behind him startled him; he turned his head to see the strangest vision in that lonely hiding-place!

A thin woman stood just inside the door, clad from mill-white throat to the fairy feet—dark-blue dress, her head and face being thickly shrouded with black lace, which quite concealed her features; but her eyes—oh, they shone like stars through the dusky folds!

Aubrey half-rose in his astonishment and fright, and opened his mouth to scream, but she held up the minutest of gloved hands with a quick, imperious gesture, hissing out:

"Hush! You are safe, *mon enfant*. I am George Laurie's friend."

Aubrey sunk back, gazing at her in mute surprise.

In his present position his face was in deep shadow as the twilight was falling and his back was to the window. But he could see her distinctly as she rapidly unwound the long lace-veil from about her jaunty little hat and exposed the loveliest, gentlest, most girlish face imaginable.

"*Mon garçon*," murmured she, in a seductively tender voice, as, throwing the scarf over her arm, she tripped in her Titania-like boots close up to him. "I am enraptured to have heard what you said as I stood at the door looking at you. You would help Monsieur George, your noble benefactor, who has lost situation and lady-love for your sake! Good. I have come to tell you how to help him. Come, let me see your face, and tell me your history."

She turned at these words, drew aside the curtain, and stepped aside from between Aubrey and the light, looking upon him.

He, watching all her movements in agitated silence, saw a sudden wild astonishment sweep across her dainty visage—a sudden glare shoot from her soft eyes, a ghastly pallor steal all the rich roses from her ripe cheeks!

Next instant she swooped upon him, a tigress, with cruel hands gripping his shoulders till the little ladylike gloves split audibly—with set teeth flashing and grinding—with her whole body quivering like an aspen leaf!

"Who are you?" panted the terrible creature, shaking him fiercely; "speak, or I shall strike you! Your name—your name!"

"Aubrey Armand!" gasped the boy.

Oh, what a shriek! Only one, though; then she lay on the floor at his feet in a death-like swoon.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAT SHOWS HER CLAWS.

PARALYZED with horror the boy remained in his chair, gazing at her with eyes starting in their sockets, for he thought in his next experience that she had fallen down dead.

He scarcely breathed or moved a muscle until, after what seemed to him like an hour of dead silence, though in reality it was not more than a few minutes, she stirred and moaned. A few moments more and she opened her eyes, and seeing the white, terrified child bending over her, uttered an inarticulate cry, staggered to her feet and flung herself into a chair.

"Oh! lady, what is the matter?" stammered Aubrey. "Do you know who I am? For if you do, pray—pray tell me whose child I am!"

She burst into a torrent of French, gesticulating like a madwoman; then, dissolving into tears, faltered:

"*Grâce à Dieu!* there is nothing but ruin; nothing but ruin!"

Not venturing to address her again, Aubrey sat appalled, watching these wild gradations of her mood.

She soon dashed away her tears with an impetuous hand, and, dragging her chair forward till she was within arm's length of him, she looked him all over with a devouring attention.

"Boy," said she, abruptly, "where have you been all your life?"

He recoiled, frightened at her fierce bright eyes and savage manner. She clenched her hands. "You must tell me, you *shall* tell me," cried she with a little furious growl like a snarling cat. "I cannot wait upon your tremors, your agitations. Speak out and speak to the point. Holy mother! the time is passing!"

He cowered back in his chair, and the thought of his dear benefactor's warnings rushed into his bewildered mind. "If any one should ever happen to find you here," George had said, "answer no questions but refer them to me."

"I can't tell you anything," murmured he; "wait till Mr. Laurie comes."

She started from her chair with a perfect scream of anger and surprise, and seizing the unhappy child, shook him till she was out of breath.

"You will be dumb, will you, impertinent?" cried she, shrilly. "Take care, my little beggar, that you don't drive me too far! Come now! Speak! Speak, I say!"

For as death and gasping painfully, the boy looked up in the convulsed, furious face of the little lady, saying between his gasps:

"I love Mr. Laurie and I will never disobey him. You are no friend of his or you could not treat me so, when he is so kind to me."

"All well, little vagrant!" exclaimed she, with a hiss like an angry serpent. "You defy me, do you? Very good! I shall give you time to observe who is to be master in this struggle." She stopped suddenly, apparently struck speechless by the look of indomitable resolution she met in the little cripple's flashing eye; then she flung from him, and retreating to the window, stood there like a stone for a few minutes, lost in self-reflection.

"Aubrey Armand," said she at length with an abrupt change of manner, "I am sorry for my *brusquerie*; you are a child, yes, but you can understand the thing when it is explained to you. You love Monsieur Laurie, do you?"

"Yes," said Aubrey, faintly, for the violent

excitement of the last few minutes was telling upon him now.

"So do I love Monsieur George," cried the little lady, enthusiastically. "I love him so well that I came here to find out the cause of his great trouble and recent misfortunes. I see it in *you*—you are the cause of all."

Aubrey only wept, for he guessed this was too true.

"Do you wonder," continued she with effusion, "that in my wrath I should be rough and cruel to you, the destroyer of Monsieur Laurie's happiness?"

"What have I done? What have I done?" wailed the child.

"I have no time to tell you now," said she, approaching him with rapid step and hurried manner; "there is only one thing you can do now to save him from utter ruin. Fly from him this very hour!"

"No! No!" shuddered Aubrey. "Anything but that."

"You want to see him prosperous and happy again, don't you?" said she, in softer, sweeter accents.

"I do! God knows I do!" said Aubrey, weeping.

"Then you must bear the separation for a little time; you must be his brave Aubrey—willing to sacrifice yourself for him. When you meet again, ah! the happy reunion! the joy, the pride with which he will hold you to his happy heart!"

She clasped her hands and looked heavenward with an enthusiasm fit to inspire a saint.

"If I only understood it all," faltered Aubrey, gazing at the strange creature with a wildly-bounding heart, "I would do anything you say, even if it cost me my life."

"You would?" cried she with animation.

"Now, indeed, you begin to retrieve the error you make in living at all. You wish to understand! Come then, I will tell you. Because Monsieur Laurie has chosen to succor you, his employer, for reasons which I do not know, has thrust him forth in scorn and anger. As soon as you leave Monsieur Laurie, he will be received again by his employer, and the lady whom he loves will marry him. There—that is all I know of the matter."

Aubrey wiped away his tears and with trembling haste reached for his crutches.

"I am ready to go," said he, getting up dizzily, and walking unsteadily across the floor. "But how can I get down from the top of this mountain?"

"How did you get up?" inquired she, returning from the closet with some wraps in her arms.

"Mr. Laurie carried me," said Aubrey, with a gush of tears. "Oh, my dear Mr. Laurie! Am I to go without seeing you again?"

"Courage, little one!" said she, kneeling down to wrap him up and kissing his forehead lightly as she rose; "you shall not regret this sacrifice—my word upon that. Fear nothing; you shall get down as you came up; I have one with me who is able to carry a light weight like you."

She put her arm around him and assisted him from the room; at the door he looked back, and seeing Mrs. Laurie's portrait where he had set it, hung his head and bitterly weeping suffered himself to be led out of the house, of which the little lady possessed a key, bright and new; and so with bursting heart, but full of grateful devotion, he fled.

Behind a screen of clambering vines they came upon a stout villager, a woman of masculine appearance and of undoubted toughness of muscle. Into her arms the beautiful little lady placed Aubrey Armand, and they were about to plunge into the recesses of the forest when she uttered a sharp exclamation.

"*Misère!*" cried she; "I have to go back; I have forgotten my veil. Wait here for me," and she skinned back to the house.

In ten minutes she returned and they clambered through the gloomy woods in breathless haste, fearing lest night should overtake them, besides which the wind was rising and a storm was brewing.

All at once Aubrey uttered a scream.

They were crossing an open space, and casting his eyes upward to the summit of the mountain, he saw a thick cloud of smoke mingled with fire ascending.

"The house is burning down! Look! Look! Oh, what will Mr. Laurie say! What! What! Mr. Laurie! Let us go back!" cried he, breathlessly.

The little lady and her attendant both uttered a shower of horrified interjections.

"*Mon Dieu*, how terrible!" said the little lady. "But do not distress thyself, my little one; it is better that Monsieur Laurie should think thee dead than false and ungrateful."

"No, no, no! Take me back! Take me back!" cried Aubrey, struggling wildly in the strong grasp of the feminine Sampson.

"Oh, if you won't carry me back, let me crawl home again myself! He has been so tender always to me that I dare not be so cruel to him!"

"Be quiet!" hissed the little lady, fiercely, "the woods ring with your voice! Do I not say that it is well that Monsieur Laurie should believe you dead?"

Aubrey cowered under the flash of her eyes and the menace of her upraised hand; but replied firmly:

"Lady, you say you wish to serve Mr. Laurie, but he would not thank you for this service. I know him better than you; I know that if he thought that I had been burned to death up there he would never get over it. You must please let me go back—you must indeed!"

"A—h!" cried she, shaking with anger once more; "Rebellious! Woman, muffle his head; we have no time to argue with him."

A

LOVE'S FEARS.

BY S. M. FRAZIER.

Oh, tell me not the dream was false
That whisper'd love to me alone;
That tells me none could be more true
In days of hope or sorrow gone;
Oh, tell me not thy lips are pressed
By any other lips than mine—
That new, false love has scaled thy heart,
Or dearer arms thy form entwined.

Sadly I think of days now gone,
Memory fraught for you and I,
Wondering if the future'll dawn
Brighter, or bring us less joy.
See the sun in glory setting;
Shafts of light will still appear;
When our eye of life approaches
Will sweet memories linger here?

Can our lives be made so useful
All will miss us when we're gone?
Or must they fade away in darkness
From a useless, aimless dawn?
Ah, no! Since we have loved, and loving—
Learned the way to life and light;
Our footsteps lead where countless morning
Displaces the sorrowing night.

FERGUS FEARNAGHT;
OR,
Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "BOY, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Fergus watched the lights glimmering from the shore, and he observed other lights out in the stream which he knew were lanterns attached to the rigging of vessels lying at anchor.

The night was unusually cloudy for that season of the year, and the air was hot and oppressive. There was every indication of a storm. The water rippled monotonously against the bow of the boat, as it was forced through it by Socco's vigorous arms.

He made no extra exertion, however, but rowed steadily, with a regular and measured stroke.

Fergus was strangely impressed by his surroundings, and this steady, onward movement through the gloom. His two companions never exchanged a word. Their thoughts appeared to be busy with the purpose upon which they were engaged.

Finding this silence at last becoming oppressive Fergus broke it by observing:

"It's awful dark!"

Socco chuckled in his usual fashion.

"So much the better for our little job," he replied.

"Yes," she answered, sentimentally.

It appeared to Fergus that Mrs. John Jackson was a woman of few words. His curiosity was again excited by Socco's remark and he did not hesitate to question him in his impulsive way.

"What are you up to?" he inquired. "Are you on one of those expeditions you were speaking of?"

"You've hit it, my lad; we just are."

"Where are you going?"

"A little piece further down stream."

"What for?"

"Just keep your eye peeled and you'll see," replied Socco; and he chuckled again, as if he derived quite a degree of amusement from Fergus' perplexity.

"One needs to have his eye peeled to see anything on such a night as this," rejoined Fergus. "I'd have to be a cat to see much, for I'm told they can see in the dark."

"Cats ain't the only ones that can see in the dark," she can see almost as well as a cat, Moll can."

"Can she?" cried Fergus, surprisedly.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Socco. "She's been mighty useful to me, has Moll. She takes part in all my expeditions. She's just a jewel of a woman!"

Mary heard this praise unmoved, never uttering a response. Fergus thought she was a very quiet sort of a woman, and he also thought that Mr. John Jackson, alias Socco, was very fond of his wife.

He turned his attention to the river ahead of them again.

"There's a vessel right in our way—look out or you'll run into her," he cried, warningly.

"How do you know?"

"See the light there hanging to the yard-arm."

Socco rested on his oars.

"Show the glim, Moll," he said; and a flash of light was thrown over the water revealing the hull of quite a large vessel.

"Is it the one?" continued Socco.

"Yes," answered Moll.

"All right—douse the glim."

The shade of the dark lantern was closed again.

"Now for it," said Socco, and he began to row again; but Fergus observed that he did so in a very cautious manner.

Again his curiosity got the better of him.

"Are you going to that vessel?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"Why—what for?"

"Hush! don't breathe a word above a whisper now. These jobs are risky sometimes. Keep as still as a mouse when a cat is watching for him."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Fergus, perplexedly.

He began to think there was something wrong in this mysterious proceeding.

"Just you keep quiet, and you'll see, my boy," answered Socco, with a chuckle.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNDERMINING.

It often happens in this world that men ingeniously contrive traps for other people and get caught in them themselves.

And the sensation of being hoisted by the explosion of one's own petard is by no means an agreeable one.

There is an everlasting fitness in all things, and those who tempt Providence must take the chances.

Rufus Glendenning was not devoid of strong reasoning powers, and he passed among his associates for a sharp, shrewd man, and one who could not be easily deceived, or tempted into folly, but when a man's brain is once affected by a beautiful woman's face, his safeguards melt like wax in the fire beneath the luster of her shining eyes.

Rufus Glendenning had fallen madly, desperately in love with Loriana. The knowledge that she was the wife of the man to whom he owed everything, his friend, his benefactor, had not served to check this unholy passion.

Such infatuation partakes of the nature of insanity and leads men beyond the range of reason and of prudence.

It had occurred to Rufus Glendenning that a separation between Elliott Yorke and his wife was among the possibilities of the future. Men who strongly love are apt to be jealous upon slight occasion.

Rufus Glendenning knew that Elliott Yorke loved his fair wife to the very verge of idolatry, and he thought his proud spirit could be readily provoked to jealousy. He had long suspected that there was a mystery in Loriana's life, and he thought he had discovered its nature. He hugged this discovery to his heart with eager joy. He deemed he had the power, like one who applies the match to a hidden mine, to disrupt her union with Elliott Yorke, and to benefit by the separation in appearing as Loriana's friend in the bitter hour of her affliction.

The scheme was well devised, he thought, and he lost no time in putting it into operation. The little picture that Loriana had painted and framed and hung up in the library afforded him a pretext to put his scheme in train.

He called Elliott Yorke's attention to it one day when they had come home to dinner. They generally arrived at the house an hour before the meal was ready, and looked at their newspapers in the library in the interim.

"This is something new," began Glendenning, insidiously.

"Eh! what?" inquired Elliott, indifferently. He was intent upon the perusal of his newspaper.

"This picture."

"Probably!"

Elliott Yorke never took his eyes from his newspaper.

"Is it a fancy sketch, or a portrait?" pursued Glendenning.

"I'm sure I don't know."

"It looks very much like your wife. Some relative, perhaps?"

Elliott Yorke lowered his paper somewhat impatiently.

"What portrait? Like Loriana? What are you talking about?"

"This picture. I fancy that you have not seen it."

Elliott Yorke arose leisurely from his chair, and advanced to Glendenning's side.

"What is there so wonderful about this picture?" he inquired, carelessly.

"Look!"

"Good heavens!"

Glendenning smiled covertly.

"Do you observe the resemblance?" he inquired.

"Why, it is the boy!"

"What boy?"

"The boy I saw at my sister's house in New York."

Glendenning was now thoroughly surprised.

"You have seen him?" he cried.

"Certainly. My nephew Clinton made his acquaintance in one of those scrapes that he is continually getting into. The boy saved him and his sister Geraldine from drowning, they said, and so Clinton brought him to the house. I observed his resemblance to my wife then, and spoke of it to my sister."

"How do you account for this resemblance?" asked Glendenning, insidiously.

"He must be some relative of hers," answered Elliott, thoughtfully. "I had that idea at the time and told my sister so, and the fact of Loriana having this picture confirms it. The boy undoubtedly belongs to the Van Amringe family in some shape."

"What shape?"

"That puzzles me; there is something about this affair that I cannot understand. I did not know that Loriana had this portrait. I never saw it before."

"She has only had it a few days."

Elliott Yorke turned surprisedly to Glendenning.

"How do you know that?" he demanded.

"Don't you remember the day that a sketch of Mrs. Yorke's was blown to me by the wind?"

"Ah, yes; I have a faint recollection of some such circumstance. A drawing, was it not?"

"Yes, of a boy's head—the same as this, only smaller, and not colored as this is. The coloring makes it more life-like, and the resemblance greater. This is an excellent portrait of a poor boy in New York who is called Fergus Fearnaght."

"Yes, yes, that is the name," rejoined Elliott Yorke, quickly. "The oddity of it impressed it strongly upon my memory. You have seen this boy, then?" he added, with interest.

"I have; and like yourself I was struck by his strong resemblance to Mrs. Yorke."

"But you could not account for it, as I did," returned Elliott Yorke, with a smile.

"I confess it puzzled me; and then I was surprised to find that Mrs. Yorke had drawn a portrait of him. It is very singular!"

"Oh, no, there is nothing surprising in that. I have no doubt that he is a relative of hers, but there may be some circumstances attending his birth that would make it unpleasant for her to acknowledge him."

"I have no doubt of that!" answered Glendenning, pointedly.

Something in the tone of his voice grated upon Elliott Yorke's ears.

"Loriana can make all clear," he rejoined, stiffly.

"I have no doubt of that also," replied Glendenning, in the same manner as before.

Elliott Yorke compressed his brows into something like a frown, as if the subject was growing unpalatable to him, but he continued it nevertheless.

"You say you have seen this boy?" he questioned, abruptly.

"Yes, once only."

"Ah! then you do not know much about him?"

"Indeed but I do, because I happened at the time to be with a friend of mine, a criminal lawyer—an eccentric genius by the name of Pickles—who was well acquainted with the boy."

"Does he belong to the criminal class?"

"Hardly, though his poverty makes him next door neighbor to crime; a very common case, by the way, in New York. The boy has a singular and somewhat romantic history."

"How so?"

"He is entirely ignorant of who he belongs to or where he comes from."

Elliott Yorke was much interested in these details.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed.

"He only knows that his name is Fergus," continued Glendenning, leading up artfully to the point he was aiming at.

"He has no knowledge of any other name, no recollection of his parents; from his earliest remembrance he has been a poor waif cast adrift upon the world's wide ocean, without a relative or friend. But he has boldly confronted the difficulties that have beset his way, as the name of Fearnaght, which has been bestowed upon him, confirms."

"He looked like a lad of spirit."

"He is, no doubt of that."

"And honest, too."

"Yes, honest under strong temptation."

"I am pleased to hear you say so, for I have promised him a situation in our establishment."

"Indeed, that's singular! At whose intercession?"

"My nephew, Clinton Stuyvesant."

"You were interested in the boy from the extraordinary resemblance that he bears to Mrs. Yorke, I suppose?"

"Yes, I confess that swayed me."

"I do not wonder at it, for he is enough like her to make one fancy that she might be his mother."

Glendenning laid a particular stress upon this last word, and Elliott Yorke winced at the sound.

"His mother?" he echoed.

"Yes."

"Oh! but that is impossible, utterly and entirely impossible!"

Glendenning smiled covertly again. He saw that the poison had entered Elliott Yorke's mind, and he knew it would rankle there until every doubt was dispelled.

"Of course," he answered. "I merely said that one might indulge in such a fancy."

Elliott Yorke became very thoughtful.

"This boy is undoubtedly some relative of Loriana's, Rufus, as I said before," continued Elliott Yorke, in an explanatory manner.

"There is scarcely a doubt of that."

"What relative?" questioned Glendenning, insidiously.

A look of perplexity came into Elliott Yorke's clear gray eyes.

"That is more than I can say," he responded. "It is just upon that point that I am bewildered. I have been trying to call to mind what relatives she had—what other branches there may have been to her family."

"She had a brother, did she not?"

"Yes; but he died when quite a boy."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Never; he was dead before I became acquainted with Loriana."

"Then you could not tell whether this is like him or not?" questioned Glendenning, referring to the picture.

"I could not."

"You see there is a name written here—Robert? Was that the name of her brother?"

Elliott Yorke passed his hand thoughtfully across his forehead.

"I have forgotten," he replied, slowly, "but it appears to me—it was not Robert, but a more uncommon name."

"Garret, perhaps, like the father?" suggested Glendenning.

"No, it was not that. Possibly it may have been Robert, I cannot say for certain; I never bore the name in mind."

Glendenning was at fault here. Loriana had given him to understand that it was her brother's portrait, though he had not believed her; but the possibility that this might be the truth perplexed him. He was silent, cogitating over this problem.

"There is a very easy way of settling this question," resumed Elliott Yorke, who had also been busy with his thoughts.

"What is that?" inquired Glendenning, quickly.

"I will ask Loriana."

Glendenning could scarcely conceal his satisfaction. This was the point he had been striving to gain.

"Why, of course; she must know all about it," he answered.

Elliott Yorke resumed his easy-chair and newspaper, and Glendenning followed his example. Half an hour passed in silence, and then Loriana joined them.

Glendenning's eyes were fastened surprisedly upon her as she came in. She looked radiantly beautiful. It was not her attire, which was always in exquisite taste, that attracted his attention, but there was an expression upon her face such as he had never seen there before.

It had undergone a transformation. The cloud was lifted from it—the key look of sorrow was gone, smiles wreathed her lips, the light of a new-found happiness danced in her eyes, and her voice had a merry ring to it as she addressed them, saying:

"Well, gentlemen, here you are, punctual as usual, and at your newspapers. What would you men do without your daily newspaper?"

Elliott Yorke lowered his paper at the sound of her voice, and he also perceived the change that had surprised Rufus Glendenning, and the great love he bore to this fair woman shone plainly from his eyes.

"Why, Loriana, you are positively charming to-day!" he exclaimed.

"Indeed!" she answered, laughingly. "I was not aware that I had taken any extra pains with my toilet. But if you are pleased I am more than satisfied; for I believe with the poet:

"She's adorned amply that in her husband's eyes looks lovely!"

"You like this dress, then?"

"It is not the dress, it is you," he replied, forcibly.

Rufus Glendenning set his teeth firmly together. The hold she had on Elliott Yorke's heart was too unpleasantly evident.

"Oh! thank you," she rejoined, demurely.

"By the way, Loriana, what was your brother's name?" asked Elliott Yorke.

Loriana looked surprised, and Glendenning's hopes revived.

"My brother's name?" she replied, hesitatingly.

"Yes, he that died. It was not Robert?"

"No, Huyler."

Loriana shot a swift glance at Glendenning from under her long eyelashes as she made this answer; and that glance gave him the uncomfortable sensation of knowing that she suspected his design.

"Ah, yes, Huyler, to be sure; I thought it was an odd name," said Elliott Yorke. "That is not his portrait, then?"

"This! Oh, no!"

"Whose is it?"

"I am not prepared to tell you, just now, but at another time"—Loriana paused and looked at Glendenning.

"Whenever you please, my dear," cried Elliott Yorke, in a tone of great satisfaction.

"Now let's go to dinner."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RIVER PIRATE.

THE boat containing Socco, Fergus and the disguised woman, whom this singular man called "Moll" and had proclaimed to be his wife, glided up to the dark hull of the vessel, cautiously guided by Socco, who shipped his oars without noise, as the contact became imminent, and rising from his seat, fended off the boat from the vessel's hull.

As he did this Moll flashed the light of the dark lantern along the vessel's side, and disclosed a rope hanging down from the deck.

Socco uttered a smothered exclamation of satisfaction as he beheld it.

"Here you, Ferg; just hold on to the rope and keep the boat steady while I go aboard."

Fergus complied surprisedly.

"Going aboard?" he inquired.

"I reckon."

"Captain a friend of yours?"

Socco chuckled.

"Bless you, yes!" he answered. "He wants me to go with him on his next voyage as chief cook and bottle-washer."

Fergus was puzzled by this ironical reply. He did not know what to make of this strange man and his mysterious movements.

"I'd like to go on a voyage," he said.

"Would you?"

"Yes; I have often thought, when I've been down on the piers looking at the ships coming and going, that I would like to sail away in one of them; go 'way off to the countries where the figs, and the oranges, and the bananas come from."

"I'll fix that for you one of these days," responded Socco. "Lay low, now, and keep shady. Look out for squalls, Moll!"

"I will," she answered, in her impassive manner.

"Here we go!"

Socco drew himself up by the rope and disappeared over the bulwark. Then he reached over and whispered down to them:

"All serene; not a soul stirring."

"You will have to wake your friend, the captain, up," said Fergus.

He heard a suppressed chuckle and then Socco answered back:

"I guess I can get what I want without disturbing him. Hand me up the lantern, Moll."

She arose from her seat and gave him the lantern, when he went forward on the deck toward the entrance to the cabin.

Fergus grasped the rope and kept the boat stationary during this, but his curiosity was highly excited.

"What is he going to do?" he asked Moll, as she resumed her seat in the stern.

The question appeared to surprise her.

"Don't you know?" she rejoined, with more animation than she had yet displayed.

"Of course I don't; if I did I wouldn't ask," returned Fergus, rather impatiently.

"Then why are you here with him?"

This question increased Fergus' impatience.

"Don't you know why I am here?" he demanded. "You were in the boat when I came; you ought to know where I came from, and how I got here."

"I do. You came from the Island. What were you sent up for—stealing?"

"No, I wasn't!" replied Fergus, indignantly. "I never stole anything in my life, and I don't mean to. But I tell you what I think—I think there is some stealing going on tonight."

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do; that's my private opinion publicly expressed."

"You are right."

This cool admission staggered Fergus.

surprise. Now I can return to my old profession and lead an honest life once more." "Good for you!" cried Fergus encouragingly. "Your heart is all right if you have had hard luck. But, what are we going to do with him? Take him ashore!" "No, no! we should be arrested as his accomplices. We must throw him overboard." "What, to feed the fishes?" "What else can we do? If the harbor police should find us with him, what could we say?" "It wouldn't make much difference what we said, they'd put their own meaning to the affair, and then it would be Sing Sing instead of Blackwell's Island. You are right, Misses Moll; we must sock Mister Socco overboard." "How fortunate I am in having such a boy as you are with me to-night! Now, then, I will help. Be careful, or we may upset the boat." They slid Socco over the gunwale of the boat, and he sunk with a sullen plunge into the water. "He is gone—may Heaven have mercy on his soul!" exclaimed Moll. "Now, take your oars again, and let us go ashore. The air is full of rain; let us get ashore before the storm begins. What is your name?" she continued, as Fergus obeyed her. "Fergus Fearnought." "You are well named. Fergus, you have saved my life to-night, and you will always have a firm friend in Mary Jackson!" (To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

Vials of Wrath: OR, THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS.
THE night succeeding Ethel's flight was one of protracted agony to Leslie Verne and Mrs. Argelyne. Neither of them made a pretense of seeking repose, but remained up and dressed all through the long, weary hours, as if in both their hearts was the hope, however forlorn, that any minute might witness the return of their lost one. Mrs. Argelyne refrained from expressing any sympathy for her bereaved nephew, but he knew, none the less, that she was deeply sympathetic and most tenderly pitiful for his sake, while on her own account, he knew she was suffering keenly by the wan, weary pallor on her sad face.

All night the lights burned, and the frequent odor of coffee pervaded the lower rooms of the house. The housekeeper had a side-table spread daintily in momentary expectation of Ethel's return, and one or two of the servants who had been detailed to remain for need, conversed in low, plying tones of the strange illness of "Mrs. Ethel" that had resulted so sadly. Hour after hour Leslie paced the floor of the library, with his head bent to his breast, and his hands clasped behind, speechless, grief-stricken, heart-sick and sore; waiting, with stoical patience, for the return of his darling, or at least, of Mr. Hugh with news.

But the night dragged wearily away, and the chill gray dawn broke on hearts bowed down by such burdens of anguish that even the sunshine was dark to them. An early breakfast was prepared, and Mrs. Argelyne tried earnestly to induce Leslie to at least take a cup of coffee, but in vain. He could not eat, his heart was too full of tears, and when she saw the grayness on his face, the misery in his eyes, she went softly away, feeling that such trouble as his could only be left to time to lighten.

After eight o'clock every passing footstep made Leslie's heart beat almost to suffocation. Every halting tread near the front stoop made him dizzy with sudden expectation, and then, when neither Ethel or Hugh had come, by noon, he began to grow alarmingly nervous. He wandered from the library to the room Ethel had occupied in a restless, pitiful way that Mrs. Argelyne could barely endure to see; and yet, she knew no persuasions would be of any avail.

At one o'clock dinner was served, but only to Mrs. Argelyne—Leslie refused gently as he had done in the morning.

"You will surely be ill if you allow yourself to go on in this way long, Leslie. It seems to me you should partake of nourishing food so that you will be in proper condition to continue the work of searching. Do try something; Mrs. Benson has made some of your favorite oyster-fritters and apple—"

A ring at the door-bell interrupted her, and she glanced at Leslie's face that had flushed eagerly as he started from his seat.

"It is Hugh—or—"

"Don't be sanguine, dear. Remember how many persons might happen to call to-day; try not to be disappointed if it isn't Mr. Hugh with our darling, or news of her."

Nevertheless it was a trying moment—the one that intervened between the summons on the bell and the entrance of the footman with a card on a salver.

A groan burst from Leslie's lips—he knew Hugh would send no card.

Mrs. Argelyne took it quietly and glanced at it—a little thrill of disappointment in her heart, and yet, a faint glow of satisfaction in her eyes.

"Tell Mrs. Lexington I will see her at once, Ross," she said, and then turned to Leslie as the man withdrew with his message.

"You will not mind my telling Mrs. Lexington, Leslie! She will of course see at once that something has happened, and I know of no woman who would sympathize so tenderly with us. Besides, living so near Ethel's early home as she did, she might suggest a clue to the mystery."

Leslie grasped at the hint with desperation. "Yes, tell her. Only—I can't see her—or any one."

And so Mrs. Argelyne went up into the drawing-room, with all the shadow of her recent affliction on her sweet face, and still an unmistakable welcome in voice and manner.

Georgia rose as she entered—her own beautiful face so wistful in the smile of greeting she gave her hostess.

"Have I been tardy in coming to you? I surely meant to see you sooner, and often."

Mrs. Argelyne kissed her tenderly, and Georgia wondered, vaguely, at the slight quivering of her lips.

"I would have been glad to see you at any time, and I am glad to-day, although I am under the shadow of a great trouble, a bitter grief and mystery that refuses to be solved. But I should not talk so to one who never has known a care or sorrow."

Georgia's face blanched for a second, and she had to control herself by a mighty effort to keep from crying out in all the bitterness of her soul.

"I have had trouble," she said, after a mo-

ment, quietly, "and I think I can sympathize with you. I have known the sharp agony of losing an only, darling child, a little, prattling babe—"

Her voice choked, and Mrs. Argelyne pressed her hand gently.

"That has been my pitiful experience three times, dear. And I have followed my husband to his grave, and come home to a lonesome, desolate, childless house. But in all sincerity and truthfulness, I say I am to-day sitting in the shadow of a bitter grief than either of those."

Georgia's hand nestled still more closely in Mrs. Argelyne's, and the mute sympathy was more expressive than language, as she thought that could be no human agony equal to, or to be compared with, her own.

Mrs. Argelyne went on with the pitiful story, in low, sad tones.

"I say I am sitting only in the shadow of the trouble. The great grief itself that has come crushing upon us, has fallen with full force on my boy's head—my nephew, Mr. Verne, as dear to me as a son could be. What would you think, Mrs. Lexington, of the agony and despair and horrible mystery in the heart of a happy, hopeful bridegroom to find his bride had flown from his presence, without word or intimation, no one knows where or why?"

A curious wonder crept among the shadows of Georgia's eyes.

"Has such a terrible thing happened? Why, Mrs. Argelyne, can it be possible?"

"Only too true. Yesterday, at St. Ide's, there was a quiet, private wedding; my nephew and his bride—the sweetest, fairest woman the sun ever shone on. Without apparent cause or reason, Mrs. Verne suddenly fainted just after the ceremony was concluded, and never fully recovered from its effects until when she was left alone in her bed, for quiet and sleep—she arose, dressed, and fled—leaving her wedding-ring behind. Do you wonder I am almost heart-broken, or that Leslie is nearly crazy?"

Georgia listened in perfect amazement.

"It seems incredible—so awfully strange and pitiful as it is. And you have not the slightest clue to work upon? You have made instant search, of course?"

"Within an hour. But as for a clue, there is not the slightest. Unfortunately, we know so little of her early life—although as much as she did herself."

"Would you mind telling me her history? I am very deeply interested, and I will do all in my power to assist you through Mr. Lexington, who has had occasion to employ a famous English detective several times."

"Thank you, in my name and Leslie's! The poor girl's story is a very short one, but full of pathetic interest, and I think you will feel drawn toward her. She does not know who her parents are. She has every reason to suppose they deserted her when she was a baby, as the only home and friends she knew was a family up the river, somewhere in your vicinity I think, now deceased. She is a lady by birth and instinct, which makes it hard for me to believe her parents could have abused her by discarding her, for I am sure she never came of stock that would do such wickedness. Her appearance, too, is against such a theory; she has a highbred, dainty, aristocratic beauty, of a singular style—dark brown eyes, with golden hair—very much the color of yours, Mrs. Lexington—and a pure, pale face and vivid scarlet lips."

Georgia looked puzzled. "It seems to me I saw just such a face—I did—I saw just such a face only yesterday evening, and I da tell me her name—Ethel, Ethel Mary—I never shall forget—"

Mrs. Argelyne sprung to her feet in wild excitement. "It's her name—you saw her yesterday evening! For God's sake, where?"

If Mrs. Argelyne was thunderstruck, Georgia was no less so.

"Is she Leslie's bride—she, that charming, beautiful girl? I distinctly remember remarking the sadness on her face."

She was trembling now from head to foot, with a deadly suspicion of horror. The girl was with Carleton Vincy. Was this new trouble to roll on her too?

Mrs. Argelyne was still standing, eagerly waiting for an answer to her question, and Georgia sickened as she decided to keep part of the pitiful truth a secret.

"It was in a coupe, driving across Broadway into Canal street, last evening at dusk."

"Was she alone?"

"I—I—it was so dark, and the carriage just passed for a moment—"

"I see, and I never can thank you enough. Leslie must know this at once."

She rung the little silver call-bell that stood on a tiny ebony pedestal, and sent a message to Leslie to come at once, with an imperative command that commanded him the moment he heard it.

He went immediately, and Georgia arose from her chair, with hands outstretched to him in sorrowful sympathy, the instant he crossed the threshold.

"Mr. Verne! this is an awful visitation. I want you to be assured of my earnest sorrow and pity, and I wish you would command me in whatever way you imagine I could be of service."

Leslie took her hands with a warm grasp, and bowed in his courtly, gracious way.

"You are kind, very kind, Mrs. Lexington, finding us as you do under such terribly afflictive circumstances, and you would feel all the more for me and aunt Helen if you had known and loved my darling Ethel."

Mrs. Lexington, I feel as if it would drive me mad when I think of her—my precious little Ethel!"

Georgia looked at him with her eyes full of tenderest pity, her heart full of bursting of the secret she dared not for her life's sake divulge.

"I just told your aunt, I think I must have passed Mrs. Verne in a carriage last evening—"

Leslie sprung from his chair with an eager, passionate impetuosity.

"You saw her—saw Ethel—last night? For God's sake, where?"

His eyes glittered with the excitement her words caused.

"About six o'clock, or later, at the corner of Canal and Broadway. My cousin, Mrs. John Lexington, informed me that she was a Miss Ethel Mary, upon my inquiring who she was—her sweet, pitiful face impressed me so strangely. Even then, when I supposed her a stranger, I felt as if it would be the greatest happiness of my life to gather her beautiful head to my heart and kiss the tears from her eyes."

Leslie groaned in acutest anguish.

"Tears in my darling's eyes—her bonny brown eyes, and I cannot wipe them away! My God, can I endure this?"

He walked across the room to the window, and leaned his head against the heavy dark-brown curtains, and Mrs. Argelyne and Georgia both saw his figure shake like an aspen tree.

Georgia's sweet voice broke the silence.

"Although, in my opinion, you might safely trust the affair in the hands of Mr. Hugh, as Mrs. Argelyne tells me you have done, yet I want you to add extra force by allowing one of Mr. Lexington's detectives to assist you—an Englishman from Scotland Yard, at present in this country. He will hear the facts in the case, and form a correct opinion at once. Was there anything peculiar by which to identify Mrs. Verne? or have you any hold at all on her earlier life?"

Georgia asked those questions with but one motive—that of aiding her friends who were in such desolate trouble, never dreaming, in the most vague, remote manner, that the moment of asking that question, the crisis of her destiny arrived; that from that moment the tide of her life turned.

She asked it very kindly, very tenderly, as if it must wound them both to refer to such a pitiable theme.

Mrs. Argelyne answered her.

"So far as Ethel's personal identity is concerned, if she made any attempt to disguise herself, for reasons I can not for a moment imagine, even—there is a means of recognition. On her arm, just below the elbow, is a curious little scarlet birth-mark that looks like a fresh bleeding scratch or abrasion of the skin; I never saw anything like—Mrs. Lexington! you are ill, what is the matter?"

For Georgia had suddenly turned grayish white, even to her lips, uttering a strange, stifled ejaculation, and looking at Mrs. Argelyne with eyes dilated with sudden, sharp surprise and bewilderment. Then she smiled faintly with a ghastliness that told that something had touched her strangely.

Nothing is the matter, only such bitter memories were recalled when you spoke of the curious birth mark on Mrs. Verne's arm. I remember a similar one on my little dead Jessamine—that is all."

She sighed as she spoke the dear name that so seldom crossed her lips—that was always in her heart.

"Forgive me if I unwittingly opened an old wound," Mrs. Argelyne said, softly. "I only intended to put you in possession of all the facts of the case."

"I know you did, and I want to hear the rest—the other story you have to cling to."

"And it is a story—in point of positive reliability. It is only a button that fastened little Ethel's shabby dress when she was found at the door of the Lawrence's. A curious gold button, that the family sacredly saved as a possible means of future good; here it is, just as Ethel gave it to me, when I promised to help discover her parentage, if possible."

She detached the little glittering globe from her watch-chain and handed it to Georgia, who took it almost reverently and looked at it; then, with a cry that rung through the room and brought both Leslie and Mrs. Argelyne to her side, she, herself, sprung to her feet as if electrified, her eyes glowing with supernatural brightness, her nostrils dilating, her breath coming in quick, irregular gasps.

"I am dazed—bewildered—mad, I am afraid. This was on the little golden-haired, brown-eyed founding! This, on the child with the red mark on her arm! Merciful God—am I dreaming? am I crazy? or, has heaven been kind to me at last? Mrs. Argelyne! Mr. Verne! I see here! see this! my hands are trembling so I cannot open this button. Open it, quickly! and if there is a little gold chain and loop attached—"

Her voice lowered to a key that was thrillingly intense, and she watched Leslie's strong fingers as with his penknife he turned the shank of the button that had grown rusty in all the long years.

But it moved, as Georgia had said, and before all their eyes, out fell with a tiny tink, a dainty golden chain, three inches long, with a loop attached.

A scream of wild joy burst from Georgia's lips.

"God has been merciful! that is one of the armlets that was on my baby's arm when—when they took her away! and the mate to it, that must have become unfastened, I found on my bedroom floor, days after, and here it is—where it has lain night and day for eighteen years!"

She sprang frantically she dragged it from her bosom—the exact counterpart of the odd ornament, suspended by a white silken cord.

She held it up in triumphant delight.

"You see, you comprehend, she is my baby—my own, own child. My little Jessamine—my baby I thought was dead. And my heart acknowledged her the moment my eyes rested on her—my own, own darling."

She seemed electrified with the discovery, and every sign of sadness or sorrow was banished from her face as she went up to Leslie and put both her arms around his neck.

"You are my son—aren't you? May I love you—you will love me, for her sake? Don't give up; I am hopeful! I will find her!"

Then, like a cloud came the momentarily forgotten fact of Carleton Vincy's being Ethel's companion.

A speechless terror suddenly swept over her; she buried her horrified face on Leslie's arm and no one saw the utter despair, alarm, that convulsed her quivering features.

In a moment she raised her head, and looked at Mrs. Argelyne.

"We must lose no time, not another second. We will find her. God help us! and I believe there are happy days ahead—even for me!"

CHAPTER LIV. OUT OF HADES.

A MOMENT after the door of the bedroom closed and locked on Ethel, she rose from her knees, a moan of pain going up to her lips. She walked wearily to the arm-chair by the fire, an expression of utter woe and despair on her face, and sat down in it, crouching among the cushions, shivering with nervous excitement. Her face was flushed with feverish brightness, and uncomfortable creeping shivers, alternating with flashes of burning heat, kept thrilling through her. Her hands were dry and hot, her lips dry, her eyes glowing with unnatural expression.

"If I should be sick—here! if I only could die—without any illness, without any one knowing it until they found me dead! but to be ill, helpless, powerless. I will not be sick! I will conquer this strange distress that is getting the best of me."

She got up from her seat and walked rapidly, determinedly around the room, as if defying her feelings to overcome her. "If ever there was a time in my life when I needed a clear head and a brave heart, it is now," she thought, sadly. "My position is a pitiable one, but that fact does not alter the case. I am bewildered at the sudden complications that have arisen, and it seems as if I never can become accustomed to the awful truth that I am still Frank's wife; that poor Leslie believes he is my husband; that I am the child of such a man!"

"I know he hates me from the way he an-

swered me when he refused to tell me my mother's name—my mother! my mother! I know she is good, and fair and sweet, even if she is his wife. Every instinct of my nature goes out to my unknown mother, and always has. If she only will love me when I find her, and God will lead me to her! He will help me bear my other woes, and give me a new joy for part compensation!"

Her eyes softened with tender reverence and religious awe.

"I fancy I can see her—this mother of mine," she went on, in her thoughts, as she paced to and fro; "at least I know what my ideal is—low-voiced, dainty and highbred in her manner—just as Mr. Vincy says she is; with tender, loving eyes, and such a smile as I have dreamed of again and again. Such a face as I never saw but once—the face I saw to-day in a passing carriage."

For an hour she communed with herself, first in calm, hopeful courage, then suddenly breaking into a perfect gust of passionate anguish as she thought of Leslie and Mrs. Argelyne; then growing white and cold again at memory of the handsome face that had appeared like a Medusa head at her bridal.

It was a weary, yet necessary vigil Ethel kept, all the long hours of that night, while Leslie walked the floor of the library, and Havelstock could scarcely sleep for wild delight at the prospect in store.

It did Ethel more good than anything else would have done. It forced her to look her position full in the face, and review her plans for the future. It called into exercise all the philosophy she possessed, and gradually her natural courage, bravery and undauntedness arose to their wonted supremacy. She realized that, though an enforced prisoner, sighing would avail nothing, while calm thought and cool decision was everything.

There remained the fact that Vincy might return—would return, in all probability, since he said so. But his return gave her no uneasiness, particularly, and she was resolved, by some means or other, to get away—away from everything and everybody, and wait for the inevitable developments of the future.

Gradually both mental and physical disturbances righted themselves, and although there was a heavy, pitiful weight on her young heart, a sad, longing desolation in her soul, Ethel was comparatively content, and, wrapping her sacre around her again, cuddled up in the arm-chair and dropped asleep—worn out by the exciting tumult of that eventful day.

It was broad daylight when she awoke, with a start of bewildered surprise to see her breakfast beside her on a stand—smoking coffee, buttered toast, a soft-boiled egg, and a little mound of quince jelly. There was fresh water in the pitcher, clean towels on the rack, a pearl-backed brush and ivory comb on the bureau, and Ethel wondered that she had slept so soundly that the servant who had been in her room had not wakened her.

She bathed her face, neck and hands, and arranged her hair; then sat down to her breakfast with a relief that was the result of her long fast.

After she had finished, and before she had time to ring for the remains to be removed, there came a step on the stair, a quick, eager, light tread that Ethel thought, casually, belonged to the servant.

She waited almost impatiently for her entrance, her words of urgent entreaty for aid and assistance on her lips, her hand seeking her pocket-book, ready and willing to bestow all its contents for the blessed privilege of passing through the front door.

The key was fitted into the lock; it turned easily; the handle of the door moved, the door opened, and Frank Havelstock entered, shut and locked the door after him!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

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Of course I keep and guard this tress
Beyond all other treasure.
The gentle maiden, bless her heart!
None other could be truer;
I'll wear this tress into a strand
To bind me closer to her.

My heart bestows her thanks for this
More than my lips can utter;
'Twould thrill me only if I'd find
Some threads of this in butter!
I know I should not growl or storm,
At least I'd proudly risk it;
And I am willing she should put
A few into my biscuit.

How sweetly does it speak of her
On whom my hopes are anchored!
This curl has kissed her precious cheek—
A boon for which I've hankered.
She pushed it back, like me, and bade
It stay where it was taught to;
And it has wound around her neck
Just as these arms have sought to.

The way these threads comb-line to bless
Cannot be comprehended;
Whatever wounds my heart has had
These golden threads have mended.
And if I fail to win the rest
Of her, great would the pang be,
I'd twist this curl into a rope
And go right straight and hang me!

A Desperate Measure.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"It's the blessed St. Bridget's eve, and it's to make me fortune, ay, course, I'd be axin' to spin the night wid me cousin Ailsees at all at all. Shure, it's an ixcellent bit o' a bubbly spring that's under the big rock at the back o' her cabin where we'll thry our luck together, and yez'll plaze to let me go, Miss Rose, alanna."

"If the spring is the one thing necessary, you have it nearer than your cousin Ailsees, Norah," said Eleanor Home. "There is the one in Dark Hollow. If the bigger the spring the better the luck, that is your place by all means."

Marnest little Norah shivered, and her blue eyes dilated with awe and dismay.

"It's not meself wud ever dare. It's too forsaken in the night, and it must be a spring of which no one has drank for a full moon beside."

"Well, I don't suppose any one has drank of it for a month," Eleanor persisted. "I really believe you are afraid to try your charm there, Norah."

"Thurs for yez, Miss, and no shame for the like o' me to confus I am afraid. Shure the moon wud niver creep down to the wather there till it wud time all honest gurruls wor abed and aslape, aven wid the blessed Saint Bridget to watch over them. It's wid the moonshine on it full that yez dip in yer hand and say the charm, or ye lose the virtue o' it all. Faix, many's the day I've heard me grandmother tell—"

"There, Norah! Fix my hair, please. If we are to go across the river this morning we can't wait to hear about your grandmother. You have my permission to go to your cousin's, of course. You need not wait for our return."

This from Norah's mistress, Rose Sauterne. "How good-natured you are, Rose," said Miss Home, slipping her arm about the waist of the other as they went down the stairs together a few minutes later. "You are quite spoiling that girl of yours by your indulgence. To think of letting her go to-night! Desiree would have known better than to ask me."

"I darsay," dryly. "But I hold to it that even a lady's maid has a body and soul like the rest of us. A little relaxation once in a while will do her no harm."

"But 'this night of all nights in the year'—it seems rather straining a point, doesn't it? Next you will be maintaining that Norah's meditated experiment is not all arrant foolishness, I suppose."

"Why not?" asked Rose. When Miss Home took that tone, she was pretty sure to be met by the cool resentment of Miss Sauterne. "Norah believes in Saint Bridget, and faith works miracles, you know. At all events, she will not blame me with having deprived her of her luck."

"You might try your own, dear," said Eleanor in honeyed tones. "That is, if you are not afraid to go to Dark Hollow at midnight as your superstitious Irish girl was. I'll wager my emerald bracelet that, with all your bravery, you dare not do it."

"I will not be dared into doing it, you may be sure."

"I knew I was safe in making the wager. What was it about Dark Hollow, did you ask, Mr. Done?" They had made their appearance upon the lawn by this time, where a party of young people were scattered idly about. She addressed herself to a gentleman coming forward from the shadow of the trees to find them. "I was bantering Rose to seek her fortune on St. Bridget's eve as they do in 'swate Erin,' and she has declined."

Mr. Done gave Rose a glance of approval. "I am sure you would never lend yourself to any such foolish experiment, coz."

"We are never sure of anything on earth, are we, Luke?" Miss Home has made a slight mistake. I have not declined. On the contrary, I agree to try my luck to-night."

"I trust you are not in earnest," said Luke Done, in a troubled voice, as he walked by Rose's side down to the river's brink. "Dark Hollow is a dismal place even in daylight, and the path at night would not be safe. You will not think of going, Rose?"

"What a stupid thing you are, Luke! as if there could be only one way of trying one's fortune. Eleanor Home had another thought in her mind when she made that challenge, and I accept it in the same spirit it was given. I need not go near Dark Hollow Spring to find who has the luck, she or I."

The beautiful face wore a cold, hard look, and Luke sighed as he glanced at her. Instantly she turned to him with a scornful smile.

"I wonder whether you are pitying me, or regretting her! I wonder," she said, passionately, "that you, one of the victims, can stand by and see another man, and that one your friend, victimized in his turn and never lift hand or voice to save him. Luke, I am ashamed of you!"

"I wonder," he said, mimicking her tone, "whether you are envying her or me; Miss Home her conquest or me my resignation to my fate! Which is it, Rose?"

Rose deigned no reply, but as they neared the water's edge she turned to him abruptly. "Luke, if you let her go in Meredith's boat I shall not forgive you."

"A consequence so appalling I shall exert my utmost effort not to bring it upon myself. Will you go in the skiff?"

A scarlet flush went up over the pearly face he watched from chin to brow. Rose Sauterne felt that she was outraging womanly delicacy by pursuing the reckless course she had entered upon. She, whose pride and reserve had been the thorns to repel lovers from the human flower—she condescending to maneuver for the attentions of any man alive. The thought humiliated her, held her silent for a moment, and in that moment her opportunity was lost.

"Oh, please, Mr. Meredith," cried Miss Home, with a pretty affectation of childish pleading, "do take me! I like to carry off the palm from all the rest where any one is to be especially favored."

"The special favor is conferred upon me," responded Mr. Meredith, gallantly, but Eleanor observed that he glanced toward Rose, and hesitated for a single instant before giving his hand to assist her.

"Don't blame me," said Luke to his cousin, as he led her into the larger boat. "I could have prevented it if you had taken two steps toward aiding me."

"Never mind. And oh, be very sure, whatever comes I never shall blame you." He looked at her wistfully, but Rose dropped into a seat, and leaning over the side, trailed her hand in the water. They landed on the opposite shore, dined in scattered groups off the mossy rocks, then various couples strayed away into the grove, and were lost to view.

Luke flung himself down among the waving grasses and drew a book from his pocket. "Can't we go fishing?" asked Miss Home.

The book went down and Luke was alert on the instant.

"Meredith may prefer Tasso to tadpoles, but I don't. Shall I find you a charmed spot, Miss Home? We must engage to be content with the language of each other's eyes if we would prove successful as fishermen."

"Then I don't believe I will care for the sport," and Eleanor walked away with her escort, while Luke dropped back to his former place and soon appeared to be peacefully slumbering amid the yellow-blossoming reeds. In reality, he was studying Rose's face where she sat at some distance, her head resting against a tree-hole, her eyes looking dreamily away where the water danced and sparkled in the sunlight.

"What a mystery she is," thought Luke.

"I used to think she would never care for any one; then when Meredith came she seemed to wake up, and now when she could by a word or look bring him to her side she gives neither, but lets Eleanor Home draw him in under her very eyes. I don't see that I have any call to help her to him, and on Luke Done's usually sunny face was a moody look as he turned it into the grass, and a passionate longing which he never allowed to show itself to mortal eyes."

"Eleanor is in good spirits," remarked a Miss Hardman, who was of the party, as Eleanor's ringing laugh was borne upon the air. "She is so elated, I suppose she has made her latest conquest complete. Well, though people did predict it, I never expected that of Meredith."

She glanced askance at Rose as she addressed herself to her companion. Miss Hardman had attempted to enter the lists with the two reigning rival belles, and failing to be recognized as a belle herself, never tired of directing malicious thrusts at either of them.

"Why not Meredith as well as others? He isn't proof against enchantment, is he?"

"One would imagine his experience might make him so. Did you never hear his story? It is not generally known here, I believe."

"Give you my word, Miss Hardman, I never so much as knew he had a story. Now that you have aroused my curiosity you must appease it."

"It's the same old story," said Miss Hardman, cynically, "and can be told in two sentences. He was engaged to be married a couple of years ago, and his fiancée played him false at the eleventh hour. With her he lost his faith in womanhood, though now it would seem Nelly Home is restoring it to him. It was hard on him, but harder still on Grace Wymer. She was such a pretty, silly little butterfly, one could hardly blame her when she jilted Meredith for Talbot Lyle, but when he was discovered to be something worse than the mere adventurer people had called him, a man with another wife living, and crimes charged to him which have sent him to the penitentiary since, I pitied her with all my heart. The exposure came about the very day before that set for their wedding, and the shock nearly killed Grace. And that," said Miss Hardman, the sympathy which had crept into her voice changing to matter-of-fact, "is why I wonder Meredith can be taken by such a notorious flirt as Eleanor Home."

"Luke!"

"Well, coz!" looking with some surprise into the flushed, excited face with which Rose encountered him.

"You remember Grace Wymer, don't you?"

"The little sick girl you took such a fancy to at the springs last summer—certainly. You mentioned something about her coming here, didn't you?"

"Yes. Oh, to think by what fortunate chance! But I can't wait for her coming. Luke, dear Luke, you'll not refuse me some hint I've set my heart on, I know. She is at her aunt's in Newville, and I want you to drive there and bring her back with you by evening."

"Upon my word," began Luke, in amazement. "Wait, listen," Rose went on breathlessly. "We both heard her sad story and saw how she had suffered. I know how the poor child grieved over her fault, and Luke, I learned five minutes ago that her first lover, whose worth she learned to prize when it was too late, is here in the person of—whom do you think?—Meredith. She never mentioned his name to me, or I would have known before. You call her and bring her!"

He caught her excitement in an instant. "It's a long drive, but I'll bring her if I kill King Cole in doing it. He pressed the little hand which lay upon his arm, and then was walking with swift strides down the river bank. He turned with a thought.

"Tell Meredith I was obliged to go and so took his skiff. There's room enough for all in the other boat."

Rose nodded, but the brilliant, excited color had faded already from her face. She was more than usually silent and reserved during the remainder of the day. They all went home in the soft, silvery twilight, one discontented person at least in the group. This was Miss Home, who, outwardly smiling and inwardly raging, listened to the explanation her rival made. It was Eleanor's conviction that the other had cleverly contrived to prevent her own tele-a-tele return with Meredith, a conviction strengthened when that gentleman

dropped behind to walk with Rose up the steps leading to the house.

He detained her as they neared it.

"There is something I have been wanting to say," he began, hurriedly. "I would have said it before but you have denied me every opportunity. Will you marry me, Rose?"

Her clear eyes were lifted steadily to his face. "You do not love me, Mr. Meredith."

"Not as I once loved," he said, in a low voice. "I had no intention of deceiving you, Rose. But I know you to be a true woman, one whom I would be proud to win as my wife. For the rest, this is neither the time nor the place to tell you all, but if you can think kindly of my proposal the study of my life shall be to insure your happiness. I do not ask an answer until you have had time to think of it."

"You shall have my answer this evening," she said, very quietly.

There was a tap at her door and Miss Home looked into her room a few moments after she reached it.

"Shall I send you Desiree, Rose?"

"No, thank you. I am afraid Desiree would mix sulphur with my pearl powder, or use some other equally atrocious device of the enemy to metamorphose me most hideously when I would be least expecting it."

Eleanor laughed a silvery peal, but there was an ominous glitter under the drooping lashes. "If the metamorphose occurred in Dark Hollow would it affect your luck, I wonder! Since you are so apprehensive of danger you will not think of watching there, I suppose? I'll release you from the bargain if you wish it, dear."

"When I do wish it I will ask for the release."

She will go now if she did not intend to before," thought her rival, with a gleam of evil exultance flashing athwart her face.

A couple of hours later they entered the parlor side by side.

"Our two graces," said one of the exquisites there. "We haven't got the third, by-the-by, but the enjoyment would pall a little if we had, I fancy."

"And they say women are incapable of strong friendship among themselves. Those two seem inseparable."

The first speaker gave his shoulders a significant shrug.

"Ah, you're new here, Fitz. You wouldn't think to look at them that they hate each other like the deuce. Fact though, they've sworn a vendetta, I suppose. Queen Eleanor, there, is as capable of offering her rival the choice between the dagger and the poison-cup as her namesake of old."

"And Fair Rosamond?" queried Fitz.

"The simile don't apply to her. Let our stately Rose alone to look out for herself; yes, and to get ahead of her rival, too, by George! I believe either of them would stop at no desperate measure that would lead to a triumph over the other."

Rose was making no attempt to distance her rival so far as observers might judge. It was close upon midnight when Meredith escaped the latter's pertinacious enslaver, and followed in the direction he had seen Miss Sauterne disappear. She came to meet him, the eagerness she could not wholly suppress brightening her look.

"Shall we go out upon the balcony?" she asked. "I suppose, Mr. Meredith, you have come for your answer. There it is."

She had brought him suddenly face to face with a slight girlish shape standing motionless in the moonlight. She felt his arm tremble beneath her touch, and he took a step forward, with an involuntary cry—"Grace!"

The sweet, wasted face of the girl, lifted toward him, was eloquent with impassioned pleading. She moved forward and sunk down at his feet with a great sob. "Oh, forgive me! forgive me!"

Rose was forgotten, but when she dropped the curtains and slipped away from that scene which brought about a perfect reconciliation between those two so bitterly estranged, she could not go back to the glaring lights and rapid chit-chat of the hotel parlor. She stole softly away into the outer night, moonlit, star-gemmed, and in the quiet there remembered Dark Hollow.

She turned lightly into the path which led to that eerie place. Where it crossed an open space, she came upon two figures, the one a man, the other a horse, outlined against the luminous atmosphere. She shrunk back and would have retreated, but Luke's voice called her name.

"Is that you, Rose? Were we in time?"

"Yes," advancing. "You didn't kill King Cole, I see. Brave fellow, splendid fellow," stroking the animal's glossy neck.

"Oh, yes; 'brave fellow, splendid fellow,' but you don't even say thank you for my share in the affair."

"I can trust you to find your own reward," she said, with assumed lightness, but her voice sounded hollow and unnatural to her own ears.

"What are you doing here, Luke?"

"Giving King a nip of clover for his reward. I rubbed him down myself. Just see how grateful he is for it. There, go back to the stable, sir. For my reward—won't you wish me joy of it?"

Rose stood mute, while he watched her wistfully.

"Which was it possessed you, coz—love for Meredith or hate of Eleanor? I have been almost persuading myself it was not the first."

"Love for Meredith!" indignantly. "Luke, I thought you knew me better." Then steadily: "From this hour I shall not even hate Eleanor. Give me credit hereafter for the affection I shall begin to cultivate for my cousin-in-law that is to be. The events of tonight will leave you nothing to fear."

"Then will not you be cultivating the grievance of self-love besides mixing up relationship?" asked Luke, wholly ignoring her last remark. "Rose, don't you see it is you I have been loving all along? But you were such a cruel rose, wounding so many, I hadn't the courage to avow myself. I was only desperate when you seemed to think that I cared for Eleanor."

"And I," said Rose, "was only resenting her treatment of you when I determined she should not win Meredith."

Simply a lovers' misunderstanding, you see, gone as smoothly as a thick sea-fog which threatens untold destruction is dispersed by a puff of breeze.

"You haven't told me yet what brought you here," said Luke, presently, when sundry tender assurances had passed between them.

"I think I can guess. You were going to Dark Hollow."

"And you," she said, with sudden conviction, "you were purposely waiting in the way. I don't believe in St. Bridget, and I have had my stroke of luck—good or bad, whichever it may be, sir—but suppose we walk down to the spring all the same. You see, I agreed to."

"And womanlike, will not leave even a poor satisfaction to your enemy," he laughed, but

they went, glad of any excuse for lingering. The path dipped down abruptly out of the crystal clere moonlight into blackest shadow. Luke was stepping down when a grotesque shape appeared on an opposite point, and a voice called out:

"Take care the bridge."

"Who is that?"

"It's Biddy, yer honor, the laundress, shure, and it's many's the foine shirt I've done up for yez, Mither Done. And whin the young laddy hired me by 'T'm to take the planks from the bridge yonder, a-sayin' it wor all a joke, sez I, 'It's a quare joke intirely to be reskin' o' life and limb.' And thin I remembered it wor St. Bridget's eve, and sez I, I'll jist stay and thim me luck and say that there's no harm done at all at all. And it's a blisid chance I did, sayin' that me by 'T'm—"

Luke whispered to Rose to remain where she was while that garrulous tongue ran on, and went forward cautiously to examine. He was back in a moment, looking whiter and sterner than she had ever seen him before.

"It is as she says; every plank is gone. This is Eleanor's work. My Rose! if she had accomplished her fell purpose you would be lying down there now, crushed or dead."

"But it was not accomplished," said Rose, softly. "Don't look so, Luke; and let us never speak of it, dear. She will be punished enough."

And she was. Her desperate measure had failed utterly, her rival had triumphed doubly, for while Eleanor had laid siege to Meredith as the better part, in her heart of hearts she had cared for Luke. But Rose won him.

Old Markhead.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"You promised to tell me something more about this Old Markhead, Father Pierre," I remarked, one pleasant evening, as we sat beneath the wide-spreading elm that overshadowed the little cabin, complacently eying the pile of melon rinds—the remnants of Lajole's noble "Mountain Sprouts."

Well—quoth the veteran—a promise is a promise, and I'll not go back on my word, though, to tell the truth, I'm rather too heavily loaded for comfortable talking. You see, I've been saving up, as it were, to-day. I picked those melons before day, and kept them in the spring, for I knew you would be along. I just swallowed a bite or so to keep the grist going—well, you saw me tackle the melons. But this ain't Old Markhead."

That is what we always called him—Old Markhead. Perhaps 'twas because he always spoke of himself as the "old man," though he was not more than forty, when he "went under." For over twenty years of that time, though, he had been a mountain-man. He had trapped on every stream between the Yellowstone and the Rio Grande, the Missouri and the Coast Ranges. He could show you the scalps of thirty different tribes. He had a yarn for every scar upon his six-foot-four of bone and muscle, and those you could count almost by dozens. He was noted for this—I don't believe he ever had a skirmish with the red-skins in his life, but what they gave him some little mark to remember it by. Yet he was never laid up but once—when we had that scrape with the Blackfeet and fire, up the Yellowstone. You remember I told you about him and Ned Clayton, afoot in the desert."

Old Markhead was one of Kit Carson's right-hand men. If he was bound upon an unusually hard job, Old Mark was the first chosen, provided young Dick Wootton—our "baby elephant," poor Dick was rubbed—was by the Burnt-Wood Sioux, on South Fork—was not to the fore. The only thing that could be held against him was that he never knew when the odds were against him. He'd pitch into a dozen "bucks" as quickly as into one. Old Markhead was with Captain Stewart, an Englishman, and a lord in his own country, I believe—on one of his expeditions, as guide. The Englishman had a splendid horse—a thoroughbred iron-gray stallion which he had brought over from the old country with him—that he thought fully as much of as he did of the old Cheyenne chief, Beaver-Tail's squaw; but that scrape will do for another yarn. This horse was the same that caused the big quarrel among the Crows, when Jim Beckwith risked his life to prevent a massacre. And then Fitzpatrick blackguarded Jim about it in St. Louis, until Beckwith made the whole party take water, in the St. Louis theater saloon.

But I was telling you about this horse. The Englishman was very hot-tempered, and when angry, it was stand from under! One of his men—a half-breed, named Yuta Mose—raised his dander, and got a taste of a ramrod in payment. He didn't say nothing, but looked black enough. The next morning Yuta and the iron-gray was missing, together with a *Vide Poche* Frenchman and another good horse. Then there was cursing! And the Englishman declared that he would give five hundred dollars for the scalps of the thieves. I don't suppose he really meant it, but he was crazy-mad.

No one saw anything of Old Markhead that day, but just at sunset of the next, he rode into camp upon the iron-gray, with two scalps dangling from the end of his rifle. Pausing before the astonished Englishman, he drawled out:

"Here's your critter, and there's your pelts, boss. I reckon I'll rake in them five hundred chips you talked about."

And rake them in he did, too, for the Englishman was good as his word. Old Markhead had took the trail, and coming up with the horse-thieves, rubbed them both out. They didn't believe any pursuit would be made, as the Indians were troublesome, and word had been passed for all to be in readiness for a forced march, on the morrow.

Old Markhead was trapping on his own hook up in the Yellowstone country. As you may know, he had to play it fine, since he was up in the very midst of the Blackfeet. But he was found out at last. A dozen Blackfeet came upon him early one morning as he was returning from his rounds. He dropped one buck, with a handily-planted lead pill, and then took to his heels, though he had two arrows sticking in his hump ribs. It was a pretty race up the valley. Old Markhead running and leaping like a four-year-old Black-Tail, the Blackfeet yelping at his heels, sure of a scalp. But they didn't get it just then. The old man cleared a deep canon, over twenty feet from edge to edge. The foremost red-skin made the attempt, but his feet just touched the edge, and he fell doubled up, just having sense enough left to catch hold of a bunch of grass that grew within reach. The grass gave way, and he fell down—down, nearly a hundred feet. Feather beds couldn't have saved him; and the sharp, jagged boulders were not quite soft enough. He didn't know what struck him.

That was enough for the Blackfeet. That style of ground and lofty tumbling didn't suit them, and they broke, running part up, part down the canon, looking for a safer crossing.

Old Markhead saw this, as he reached cover, and then *sached*. When the red-skins were lost to sight, he turned, and taking a little run, leaped back over the canon. The old man chuckled to himself as he thought how beautifully he was fooling the varmints; and it was a bold trick, too.

Old Markhead knew that his trapping was ended in those parts, for that season, at least, and so he took a short cut for his *cache*, resolved to *puckachee* while there was a chance left, knowing that the Blackfeet would never rest until they discovered the hiding-place of the game they had flushed.

This short cut led the trapper across a valley that he had not entered for months, so he was not greatly surprised to see half a dozen lodges standing in a well sheltered nook, with a number of horses secured near by. A thin smoke was still curling up from the top of the lodges, and this made Old Markhead use still more caution, though he believed the lodges belonged to the Indians who had chased him. Probably he had been discovered while making his rounds, and the whole outfit turned out to enjoy the fun of man-hunting.

It didn't take long for him to see that the lodges were really empty, and smelling something cooking, the old sinner entered the nearest. He found a big iron pot hung over the fire filled with a mess that might have tempted one far less hungry than he was. Resolved to have a good square meal, he lifted off the pot and squatted down beside it as coolly as though a thousand miles from any half-hunting varmints.

While eating, Old Markhead glanced around. He saw a bale of nicely cured skins, and that gave him a bright thought. 'Twould go hard with him, but that he'd make money out of his broken season after all. How the old sinner would chuckle while telling the yarn afterward!

And it was curious, too, while the Blackfeet were hunting for him, he was taking his pick from their lodges, loading the best animals with furs, skins, weapons and provisions. Then, mounting, he rode out of the valley, leading his pack animals, closely followed by the rest. It did not take long for him to secure what furs and things he had in his own *cache*, and then, with near twenty prime animals, he struck out for Jackson's Hole. He reached there in safety, losing only two horses on the road. This exploit made him cook of the walk for some time, until Marcella, the Spaniard, capped the sheet.

I could tell you dozens of stories concerning Old Markhead, some of which I played a part in, others that I had from his own lips, or heard from his comrades. But I want to tell you how he was rubbed out. I won't forget it soon, though I was hundreds of miles away at the time, but it was the cause of my getting into one of the tightest places I ever found, when my scalp fairly started—see—here is the scar of the knife yet. But never mind that, now.

You have heard of Taos, New Mexico. On some of your maps you may find a town set down as Taos. But that is a mistake, there is no town there called Taos—it is Fernandez, instead. The valley in which it and a dozen other pueblos stand, is what are known as Taos. You see, in some things, a plain trapper can teach your wise map makers a point.

You see that the New Mexicans and Pueblo Indians suddenly broke the peace, and, like one man, flung themselves upon the American residents of the Valley of Taos. They murdered Governor Bent, they burnt Turley's mill and rancho on the Arroyo Kondo. It was a fearful massacre!

It was here that Old Markhead went under—rubbed out by the cowardly Greasers he had such a contempt for. I don't wonder that his spirit could not rest—that his ghost walked for years, a terror to the craven varmints. They say, too, that the man who first struck him from behind, was found dead in his house, choked until black in the face. And his family say that it was no mortal being that did this. Though they say him strangle and turn back, gasping for breath, they could see nothing hurting him. Perhaps it was Old Markhead's ghost—there are many strange things happen.

Markhead and a friend named Gaston, I believe, started from the trading post on the Arkansas for Taos Valley, taking peltries to exchange for whisky; leaving Fernandez they stopped at the ranch of an old trapper, who had some years before married a Mexican woman and abandoned the life he was getting too old or lazy to enjoy. His name was Laforey. He warned them that there was trouble brewing; that the people were on the eve of an insurrection, but assured them that if they entered Fernandez in his company, as his friend, they would not be molested. But to insure this, they must follow his example and go unarmed, otherwise the sight of armed Americans would excite the discontents, and they would certainly be massacred.

I can't understand how such a shrewd mountain man as Old Markhead allowed himself to be blinded by such a shallow story. But it was his destiny; though, fully armed, I don't believe the valley ever contained enough Greasers to whip the old man!

Half drunk, the two men started with their treacherous companion. They had left even their knives behind. Before they had gone a mile they were met by a large body of Greasers and Pueblo Indians, who greeted them cordially as they passed by. But then a Greaser rode up behind them and shot Gaston through the head. He fell dead. Old Markhead was shot twice at the same moment. But he didn't die unavenged.

He sprung upon the nearest Indian and wrested knife and hatchet from him. He struck down two more. A Greaser thrust his lance clear through his body. The old man actually *charged up the lance shaft* until he could reach the Greaser. They fell together, both dead.

Some other time I will tell you of the revenge we took. Laforey we roasted in his own ranch.

* Puckachee: equivalent to beating a hasty retreat—to "skedaddle," "ramose," etc. Though derived from the Kikapoo language, this term is in general use among both red-skin and white.

The jewels Mrs